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discorder

March 2009 • free.

Shindig Winners:

*Hermetic
the Sappers
& the Magician*

Japandroids
Pro Fun City
York Theatre
Fine Mist

plus:
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FEBRUARY 12 2009 - FEBRUARY 22 2009 ISSUE 207

INTELLIGENT DESIGN NOT ALWAYS SO INTELLIGENT

IT'S KNOWN TO BE REMARKABLE BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT NEED MORE OF RIGHT NOW. LONG WERE DESIGN AND INNOVATION HAS GONE

By Kevin Proulx

Ever since being sent out of school for a year to do a job, I've been thinking about the concept of intelligent design. It's a concept that's been around for a long time, but it's only in the last few years that it's become a major topic of discussion. It's a concept that's been around for a long time, but it's only in the last few years that it's become a major topic of discussion. It's a concept that's been around for a long time, but it's only in the last few years that it's become a major topic of discussion.

A FAIRLY NUTTY ARTICLE

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COW JAZZ BILLIONAIRES BANG IT OUT

AN OLD TOWN OLD TOWN FINE IS REBORN, AND A NEW TOWN IS FINALLY BORN

By Kevin Proulx

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of UBC

Discorder Magazine • March 2009

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Editor's Note

Discorder and the City of Vancouver:

Something is going on right now that is prompting me to put on my editorial hat. Hoko Sushi and Karaoke Bar, commonly referred to as Hoko's, has run into some licensing problems with the City of Vancouver. They may lose the license that allows them to act as a venue in town. Hoko's may be small, but it is one of the most important venues in the city. Why? Because it's one of the few places that any band can play without putting up a lot of money. Bands can book shows there, take what they can from the door and the establishment takes money from booze and sushi sales. It's a fun, supportive, friendly environment for bands to hone their chops before moving on to bigger venues. The unique combination of cheap beer, sushi and karaoke—in addition to bands—gives the venue something that appeals to a wide group of people and makes it easy for young bands to entice people to see them perform there.

Losing this venue would be a dreadful blow to Vancouver's music scene, though not a surprising one. Every Vancouverite can rattle off a list of good and not-so-good venues that have been shut down. I was new to Vancouver when the Sugar Refinery was shut down at the end of 2003. Even then venues were listing off the recently closed locales preceding that landmark's closure.

The glimmer of hope provided by the announced renovation of the York Theatre (see Jessica Smith's article on it page 10) doesn't offer any help for people running small venues in Vancouver. We need venues like the York, but we also need places for small bands to play now, not just in 2011.

After years and years of this, it's about time the City got serious about changing their strategy from an antagonistic presence in Vancouver's music community to one that actively works to support it. Vancouver's music community doesn't know the complex rules

that determine what venues can get civic approval to run. Ever wonder why Vancouver has a thriving community of illegal underground venues? It's easier to run something illegally than it is to try and deal with the complex bylaws that city staff use to shut down and harass venues with what seems to be an irrational love of red tape.

It's not just Hoko's that's in trouble, the Sweatshop was shut down mid-February, and the Plaza, though not my favourite venue, had their reopening delayed due to "permit problems" as reported in the Georgia Straight. Mayor Gregor Robertson and Vision Vancouver ran on campaign promises to relax the bylaws overseeing small venues. Well now it's about time they made good on their word before we lose any more venues. I am tired of hearing of venue after venue being closed by the City over seemingly minor infractions.

Being in charge of a music magazine in Vancouver can be depressing at times. It's not the lack of talented performers (see articles on Japandroids page 15, Fine Mist page 8 and the Shindig Winners page 16, 17 and 18). It's the lack of spaces for them to perform—and this month has been pretty dismal. If you're as frustrated as we here at Discorder by the state of Vancouver's night life and music scene then you might want to consider getting involved with a group called Pro Fun City, a neutral advocacy group that aims to make Vancouver a fun place to live. We can dream right? (See the Pro Fun City article by Marisa Chandler for more information on page 5.)

Next month we plan on running a follow-up article or two on this situation, so hopefully we'll have some good news to report then.

Until then,
Jordie Yow

Discorder has a website (www.discorder.ca), but we want a better one.

Qualities we want in the new website are:

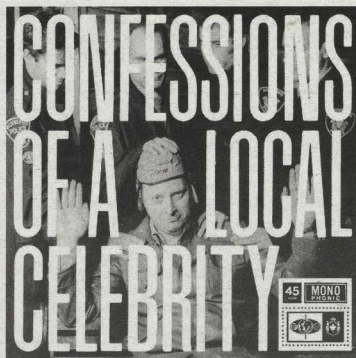
- easy to update
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- the ability to search for specific articles by a variety of criteria
- permanent links on each article
- easy navigation for the reader
- allowing readers to post comments
- easily editable archives
- looking pretty. This would involve working with the art director to create an overall aesthetic for the site.
- up and running by a June or July 1st deadline, 2009

If you would like to design Discorder's new website please put together a proposal of what you'd plan and an estimated cost. We are a not-for-profit with a limited budget and cannot pay a designer or design team more than \$1,000 total.

There is no fixed deadline for submitting a proposal, we will consider applications until the right person or team is found.

For more information please contact Jordie Yow at editor.discorder@gmail.com.

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Textually Active

Confessions of a Local Celebrity:

A Tale of Rags to No Rags

by Mike Soret | Belgravian Press

by Luke Meat

Mike Soret founded the wonderful Molestics based on hot dog buns, welfare cheques and a love of liquor bordering on the disease. The band was a staple in Vancouver's independent music scene, and Soret has written the autobiographical *Confessions of a Local Celebrity: A Tale of Rags to No Rags* to document his band's time in the spotlight. The Molestics mastered a genre called Hokum, which was a mishmash of '20s-style jazz standards and Soret's own hilarious punk rock lyrics. The lyrics to many of their songs are scattered throughout the 190-page book. This is a great slice of the Vancouver music scene circa the mid-'90s when venues such as the Glass Slipper, the Niagra and the Starfish Room were the most popular haunts. The Molestics were not a "swing-revival" band like so many shitty groups who popped up in the mid '90s with the word "Daddy" in their name. They just stumbled into a sound that was trendy at the time. They made this music because they loved it and that is very apparent in Soret's style of writing, which is akin to a well seasoned alcoholic getting gradually drunker while regaling you with tour stories. He is quite jovial but not afraid to opine about everything he sees wrong in the music business. Soret also has some strong words for a Vancouver band they were billed with quite frequently. I'm not saying who, you'll have to read it yourself.

Soret's also quite candid about his all time lows in his career, particularly an ill-advised move to Toronto. This book is required reading for anyone who is considering starting a band in this town. The only complaint about this book is that there should be a CD included for some musical accompaniment for those too young—or too drunk—to remember this amazing group. 

Film Stripped Cadillac Records

by Dan Fumano

Etta James, the 71-year-old soul music legend, was recently in the news for comments made on stage during performances in Seattle, seemingly igniting the latest music industry beef.

James was miffed at being passed over when Beyoncé Knowles was invited to perform "At Last", James' signature song, at President Barack Obama's inauguration. MTV.com reported that James expressed her dislike for Beyoncé, the very person who had just portrayed her in film, and threatened to "whip the 'Single Ladies' singer's butt" during a performance in Seattle Jan. 28.

In the end though, Beyoncé never recorded a diss track hitting back at James, and Etta's entourage never shot up Beyoncé's studio, so it wasn't really a beef of Tupac-Biggie proportions. But it may have garnered some free publicity for *Cadillac Records*, the new film starring Beyoncé as Etta James.

Cadillac Records is based on the story of Chess Records and the music legends who recorded for the label. Founded on the South Side of Chicago in the 1940s by a pair Polish-Jew brothers named Phil and Leonard Chess (Phil's character is absent from the movie), the label went on to release seminal recordings by such iconic artists as Etta James, Chuck Berry, Muddy Waters, Memphis Slim and Howlin' Wolf. In the 1950s, these blues musicians were absolutely vital in the development of the nascent form of music called rock 'n' roll, as for the first time, young, white people actually bought and listened to "race records" (music by black artists).

The movie was written and directed by Darnell Martin, and though her script is sometimes guilty of employing the clichés so common to the "music biopic" genre, she has made a fine film here. This is largely because of the almost uniformly excellent performances she gets from her cast.

Martin's script crafts some compelling characters out of these musical legends, but this film could have very easily succumbed to mediocrity with lesser performers.

Adrien Brody and Moroccan-Jewish-Canadian bombshell Emmanuelle Chriqui put in solid, if unremarkable performances as the label's namesake executive and his wife, but it's

Jeffrey Wright's Muddy Waters who provides the real heart of the film. Wright is unforgettable as Waters—a tough, soulful, conflicted bluesman from the fields of Mississippi. It doesn't hurt that Wright can actually sing and play guitar pretty well, and he squints with the best of them.

Beyoncé is the biggest star here, and her performance as James has rightly received acclaim (and, as reported by MTV.com, this includes praise from James herself, prior to the inauguration controversy). Nevertheless, it's Wright's performance that audiences are most likely to walk away remembering and talking about.

The supporting players are great too: Columbus Short brings a lot of charismatic energy to the role of Little Walter, and Mos Def just seems to be having so much fun playing Chuck Berry

Mos Def just seems to be having so much fun playing Chuck Berry that it's great to watch him duck-walk around and whip the white women into a frenzy.

that it's great to watch him duck-walk around and whip the white women into a frenzy. It's Eamonn Walker who stands out the most, though. As the cool and menacing singer Howlin' Wolf, Walker straight up steals every scene he's in with an unnerving intensity and amazing presence.

The only real sour note comes from Gabrielle Union, who as Waters' main squeeze Geneva. She seems out of place and out of her depth.

Cedric the Entertainer is good as Willie Dixon, but the narration he provides throughout the film seems unnecessary—it annoys and insults the viewers by telling them what they have just seen, rarely providing any useful insight.

Though one could argue that there are already enough (or too many?) musical icons here for one film, Bo Diddley's absence is conspicuous, as he does not appear anywhere in the film.

Cadillac Records is a great story with great music, even though its flaws prevent it from being a great movie. But it's worth seeing for its performances, and for the musical history lesson alone—as the narration (redundantly and annoyingly) points out, there is almost no popular music coming out of speakers and iPods today that doesn't owe some debt of inspiration to African-American music of the '40s and '50s. 

Riff Raff

by Bryce Dunn

riffraff n. (sometimes functioning as pl.)

1. worthless people, esp. collectively; rabble
2. this column
3. a bunch of scraggly rock and rollers from Toronto called DCT (Dirty Chinese Thieves), who thanks to my friend Jenny, have now been given some face time here due to the release of their debut EP *Uber Alles* which bristles with punk rock bravado under a sleazy sheen of broken bottles and wasted nights. Six tracks of howlin' vocals over fast-as-fuck guitar, bass and drums that will appeal to fans of *Destroy Oh Boy!*-era New Bomb Turks, Turbonegro and the Dead Boys with songs like "Youth Gone Mad," "White Gloves" and "Hate Crimes". Dirty? You bet. Chinese? No, but that doesn't matter much. Thieves? They'll steal your daughters and take no prisoners to be sure. Check their Myspace to get a copy.

I'm a bit late with this one, but His Royal Coolness, King Khan, has recently stepped down from his throne in between gigs with his Shrines and partner-in-crime Mark Sultan to cut two tracks in his Berlin based Moon Studios. The first, "It's A Lie," takes cues from acid-punk casualties the Black Lips but injects Khan's signature croon over the Atlanta crew's drawl.

"Congratulations, I'm Sorry" on the flip is a slow-burning instrumental, featuring reverberant guitar goodness, and conjures up the spirit of Ricky Nelson's "Lonesome Town" as it creeps into your subconscious. Cool stuff.

Lastly, **Miesha & the Spanks** has got issues—you see, she wants her "Bedroom Back" and no boy on this planet is gonna change her mind, 'cuz they're "All The Same." She's so pissed in fact, that she's about to "Drop The Anchor" on all these fools as her "Heart Knows Better." 

DCT

www.myspace.com/dctordie

King Khan

Norton Records

Box 646 Cooper Station

New York NY 10726

www.hazellwood.de/kingkhan

Miesha & the Spanks

www.myspace.com/mandthespanks

Pro Fun City!

Decurmudgeoning Vancouver since 2008

by Marisa Chandler | art by Monika Koch

Having a story or two about your favourite off-the-radar bar or venue shut down isn't unusual in most cities, but in Vancouver these stories are commonplace. Pro Fun City is trying to change that.

"One of the things I really liked about Vancouver when I first moved here was the interesting venues, and they've shut down," said co-founder of Pro Fun City Kalin Harvey.

Comprised of a network of volunteers, Pro Fun City was created by Harvey and Greg McMullen as a way to change Vancouver's reputation as a "No Fun City." They wanted to help foster independent nightlife and subculture venues around Vancouver.

"The fact that everyone knows the phrase 'No Fun City' is a pretty good indication there is a problem," said Harvey.

McMullen, a University of British Columbia law student and three year Vancouver resident, and Harvey, a freelance IT consultant who has lived here since 2000, started the group almost by accident, but soon found they

had struck a chord with many Vancouverites.

"There's a misunderstanding at the City that the Roxy is the same thing as the Sweatshop or the Biltmore, or any of those [venues]" said McMullen. "I'm not sure why this disconnect is still happening, if we have bureaucrats out of control."

Recently Hoko Sushi and Karaoke Bar (Hoko's) and the Sweatshop, both small venues known for hosting independent and local musicians, have run into licensing problems with the City of Vancouver. The Sweatshop has been shut down and Hoko's license is currently under review. Even the mainstream Plaza Club had to delay their reopening due to "permit problems" from the City the Georgia Straight reported.

"One thing that seems to be coming up a lot is the total lack of transparency. No one knows why these bars are shutting down. No one knows the rules until they've broken them," said McMullen, who added that even businesses trying to act legitimately, like the

Biltmore Cabaret, have run into problems with licensing.

Because licensing is so difficult, "we've just been through a rotating cast of illegal venues" said Harvey. It's especially hard if a venue is attempting to get a liquor primary license rather than a restaurant license.

Encouraging a cultural community and boosting businesses' ability to acquire proper licensing is a large part of Pro Fun's initiative.

"Organic growth of venues, and places to hang out and that kind of stuff," said Harvey. "They seem to have a hard time taking off in Vancouver."

"The culture of exclusivity that that breeds is not positive for the city," he added.

The Pro Fun website states that they would like to "support changes in policy that will allow the city's culture to develop freely and make Vancouver a more fun place to live." This includes lowering the bureaucratic barriers for new restaurants and bars and making licensing laws more transparent for existing businesses.

"I was definitely surprised by the volume of response, story after story of favourite bars being shut down," said McMullen about the initial response to Pro Fun's creation, which started as a Facebook group called "Stop Vancouver's Bedtime Police."

In a letter sent out by Malice, a promoter for the Sweatshop, he stated that they had been shut down because the City and the landlords had terminated their lease.

"I have gone head to head with a couple of officers for the past year and have been trying to work with city hall to meet their demands on us as a venue, skate park and gallery space. But in the end the \$\$\$, fines and the cities demands are just too much to fight."

The Sweatshop was ordered closed and vacated by Feb. 16.

McMullen said that the new city council seems more amenable than the last city council to Pro Fun's initiatives. The new city council is mostly comprised of Vision Vancouver members, as opposed to the large NPA presence in the last council.

Pro Fun has been less active since the Nov. 2008 civic elections, but Harvey said that he would like to see Pro Fun put out a monthly newsletter about venues that are in trouble or businesses that need support.

"I'd like Pro Fun to be a clearing house of information," said Harvey.

"Council is reasonable. They're reasonable people. If support is shown they'll make it happen," he said, citing the case of the York Theatre. [ed. for more info on the York's renovation see page 10]

"What they did was really incredible, ... it's amazing what people can do when they're aware," he said.

City councillor Heather Deal from Vision Vancouver agrees with some of what Pro Fun is attempting to accomplish, but said "the Granville strip has given all of that a bad name."

VD



1/2 Alive

Ain't Dead Yet

by Colin Throness | art by Audrey Egeland

Many of you rug-cutters will be sad to hear that 1/2 Alive will no longer be hosting their weekly night at Pub 340, but don't fret; the party is far from over. Over the past three years, 1/2 Alive has been throwing regular weekly parties as well as bigger indie shows at a variety of venues around town. In that time they've played a huge part in establishing a musical pulse in Vancouver, a city whose nightlife had been "half-dead" for far too long. And while it is a bit sad that the promoters have finally put their regular weekend parties to rest, it may be for the best.

"Basically, we just aren't satisfied with any venues for weekly parties," Tyler Fedchuk told Disorder on the week of their last night at Pub 340. "It's difficult to even find a venue in the first place, then have good security, etc., and once the hooligans find out about the party it throws things off. We just want to do special events with bigger guests about once a month in a larger venue like Richard's or the Biltmore, and cooler small loft parties once in a while."

1/2 Alive plans to release their spring and summer calendar at the end of February, so be sure to keep an eye out. And in the meantime, if you need to shake out that winter stiffness, the DJs still make weekly appearances around town: Tyler Fedchuk spins Monday nights at Shine for Ice Cream Social, and MyGayHusband! does Blastramp on Thursday nights at the Bourbon and Glory Days on Saturday nights at the Biltmore.

Tony X will be taking a step back from DJing and 1/2 Alive to start up a label, Lastday, and an as yet unnamed band. Lastday plans to release a limited edition 7" for Gang Violence in early spring.

VD



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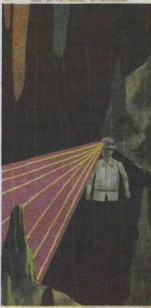
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THE HEAVENLY CREATOR



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
Angels and Ashes
Stone

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TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH

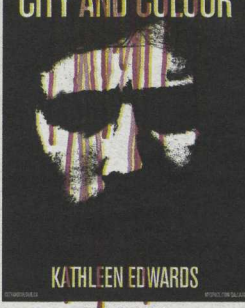
Brett Denver



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
Angels and Ashes
Stone

MARCH 12
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS
TICKETS ALSO AT 2ND AND HIGHLINE
TICKETS FOR THE PLAZA CLUB SHOW WILL BE
HONORED AT RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

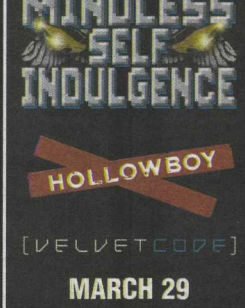
CITY AND COLOUR



KATHLEEN EDWARDS

MARCH 26
THE ORPHEUM
RESERVED SEATING

MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE

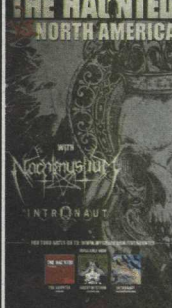


HOLLOWBOY

[VELVETCODE]

MARCH 29
THE VOGUE
GENERAL ADMISSION SEATED

THE HAUNTED NORTH AMERICA



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
INTRAMOUNTAIN

APRIL 7
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH

SERENA RUDER



WITH SPECIAL GUEST FLORENCE K

MARCH 30
THE STANLEY THEATRE
RESERVED SEATING

The BRONX



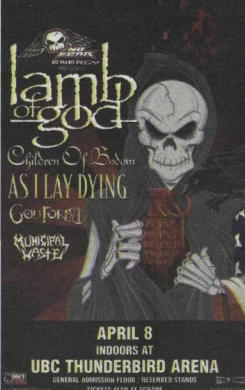
APRIL 1
RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

Wintersleep



FRIDAY APRIL 3
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WWW.WINTERSLEEP.COM

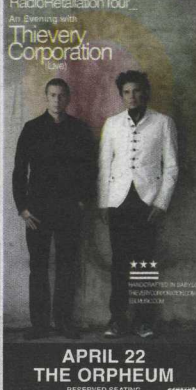
lamb of god



CHILDREN OF BODOM
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GOJIRA
KONKORD
WASTEL

APRIL 8
INDOORS AT
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Radio Retaliation Tour
An Evening with
Thievery Corporation
(Live)



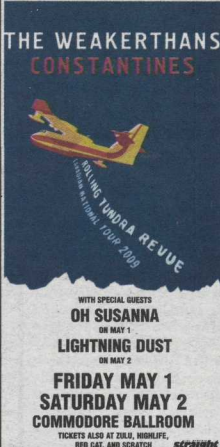
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ST. PADDY'S NIGHT EXPLOSION!
THE TOWN PANTS
THE HARD ROCK MINERS
THE WHISKEYDICKS



SATURDAY MARCH 14 - COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT 2ND AND HIGHLINE

THE WEAKERTHANS
CONSTANTINES



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
OH SUSANNA
ON MAY 1
LIGHTNING DUST
ON MAY 2

FRIDAY MAY 1
SATURDAY MAY 2
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT 2ND, HIGHLINE,
RED CAT, AND SCRATCH

THE STILLS



FRIDAY MAY 9 - COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT 2ND AND RED CAT

THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM



WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
HEARTLESS EASTRIP

FRIDAY APRIL 10
COMMODORE BALLROOM
TICKETS ALSO AT 2ND AND HIGHLINE
TICKETS FOR THE PLAZA CLUB SHOW WILL BE
HONORED AT THE COMMODORE BALLROOM

CANNIBAL CORPSE



FRIDAY APRIL 10
CROATIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
TICKETS ALSO AT SCRATCH

THE KILLS
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS:
THE HORRORS
MAGIC WANDS



SATURDAY MAY 16 - COMMODORE BALLROOM
Tickets also at Wireless Box Office

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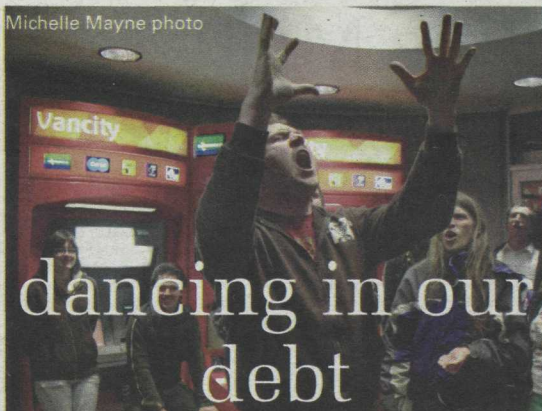
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Michelle Mayne photo



dancing in our debt

A romantic night of banking and
guerilla music

by Brenda Grunau

On Valentine's Day, I found myself crammed into an ATM lobby with fifty odd people. The event was Dancing in Our Debt, a travelling show/protest/celebration being held in three ATM lobbies near Nanaimo and Hastings. Before the first band started (a five-piece no less), we were beckoned inside the double doors and we pressed up against each other and into the temporary walls enclosing the lobby.

The evening started inside the Bank of Montreal, with bands Collapsing Opposites and Search Parties. Despite the subject matter and the bright branded cubicles that contained us, the tone was one of celebration and joy. The lead singer of Search Parties, Harlan Shore, organized the event because he "hated watching the power money had over the people in his life." Planning a show in banks had "the power to turn a negative space into a positive space, to get people to think and dance and live."

"At a regular venue, you know everything that is going to happen," Shore added. "Nobody here had any idea what to expect."

The bands and the audience embraced this, filing sedately from lobby to lobby. A PIN pad became a drum in one song, and Ryan McCormick from Collapsing Opposites used the occasion to shamelessly promote the sale of his records.

"We'll even take debit if you give us your PIN number," he cried.

For McCormick, the show was indeed joyous. "This is to celebrate that we don't need money—by throwing a free show in a public place."

During the show, McCormick went to thank the police that were quietly watching the scene from down the block. The police remarked that they'd phoned the bank, and the bank was OK with it. The rag-tag group that strolled haphazardly from lobby to lobby certainly didn't look threatening, and "everyone was being reasonable," if you can call squishing into ATMs a reasonable thing to do on a Saturday night. The only disastrous part of the evening was the TD Canada Trust's doorbell chiming incessantly to the music.

The Vancity ATM featured Chris-a-riffic and Golden Sound, followed by the Barcelona Chair and Stefana Fratila at the TD Canada Trust. As venues, the ATM lobbies fared better than expected, with good sound (excepting the door chime), great atmosphere, but bad sight lines. The event was great for Valentine's, keeping you in close proximity to your date du jour. The after party happened in an art space near Hastings, and featured a group hand-holding moment that I couldn't quite resist.

Audience member Noah Adams expressed his enthusiasm about the event, "It's nice to see some sweet guerilla music."

I asked Adams if he had any profound thoughts about money during the evening. Adams pointed out that one of the banks was his home branch, and the performance "hasn't directly affected [his] relationship to [his] financial institution".

Gerald Deo photo



Fine Mist

by Becky Sandler | Michelle Mayne photo

Sitting across from Megan McDonald and Jay Arner in their East Vancouver living room isn't all too different from watching them perform. The brass unicorns, dream catchers and bear drawing that comprise their stage backdrop decorates the room, and the two roommates sip daiquiris while comfortably sharing stories with their audience—me. The only thing missing was the sound of their energetic, but somewhat love-sick, synth-pop.

Fine Mist is not the first time McDonald and Arner have joined together in a musical endeavour. It's not the second either; in the last six years the two have played or recorded in more bands than they can list offhand, but most Vancouverites will know them from their time in International Falls, the Poison Dart or Candles. Except in Fine Mist, they're on their own.

Forming a two piece was a conscious decision, but also a matter of convenience. During my visit to their house, Arner excitedly showed me their upstairs practice space—a big room with skylight views of the city and a balcony. This accessibility allows them to have 20 minute practices whenever they're both home, allowing this to be what McDonald described as their "most collaborative enterprise."

Even as collaborators they have specific roles in the band. McDonald writes some lyrics and melodies and Arner some chords, then they work together to perfect the songs. On stage together, it is clear that this process is organic and enjoyable for the two. They'll often glance at each other and smile as they dance.

Many confuse these glances and their consistent partnership for a love affair. McDonald laughed when I asked for her opinion on the speculations surrounding their relationship. Though she agrees that the assumption makes sense based on appearances, she noted that the lyrics are more "anti-dating"—most of the songs are "about despair and being in love with someone insane." Arner smiled

while thinking about being the victim of McDonald's harsh words, and the two noted that the Fleetwood Mac comparisons have been present since their time in International Falls. Though not apropos Arner, McDonald noted that "every single word is true in all of the songs" and described them as "wistful but accurate."

Setting up their living room on the dance floor made it much easier to play such personal songs. The comfort zone set up extends into the audience, as McDonald occasionally talks over the music, coaxing sways from even the most unlikely showgoers. The best part is seeing them play over and over again. You begin to anticipate McDonald's teal dress, the duo's matching moccasins and you're ready to sing along to the refrains of "Out of Sync" and "Because It's the Ocean."

Rather than getting tired of performing, playing their songs repeatedly makes these nights more enjoyable for the band. "They seem classic because you've written them," said McDonald about the songs, explaining why she now often feels like she's singing karaoke on stage instead of performing. That's what makes Fine Mist fun for McDonald and Arner—a karaoke dance party in their living room is their favourite way to spend a Friday night.

One of the band's goals is to encourage dancing in Vancouver. While this may be a daunting task, they've gotten off to a good start. Having played countless art gallery openings, the Biltmore's first Swap Meet and numerous other shows over the past few months, they've been winning fans easily. They're looking forward to organizing their own show, a dance night at the Peanut Gallery on Mar. 14. If you can't make it out, you can always have a dance party in your own living room with their Myspace page [www.myspace.com/thebandfinemist]—you'll just have to imagine the brass unicorns.

VD



Adam P.W. Smith

Music Photographer



by Melissa Smith | Gallows photographed by Adam P.W. Smith

A ficionados of Vancouver's music scene would probably recognize Adam P.W. Smith if they saw him. He is the tall, dreadlocked guy on the periphery tirelessly snapping photos during the entire show, distinguishing himself by his inconspicuousness. You will never see Smith stand in front of fans to get a shot, and he is reliant on natural lighting to reproduce the show's visuals as accurately as possible. He does not use a flash in his photography.

While chatting with Smith in Re-Entry Espresso, the host of his current photo exhibition, I remark that his approach to capturing concerts reminds me of how a wildlife photographer manages to blend into his surroundings.

"That is one of the paradoxes of what I do. How a six foot, middle aged white guy with dreads manages to blend into the background is always a mystery to me," Smith laughed.

It is not so much his appearance as his

demeanour that allows him to blend in, and Smith acknowledges that when he is at a party he is most likely to be found on the sidelines watching others rather than joining in the festivities.

He chooses to shoot local unknowns rather than the steady stream of celebrities passing through town because, as Smith puts it, "With bigger bands, the focus is on getting one decent shot. The value of the picture is derived from the celebrity of the subject rather than

dependent upon taking a good photo. When taking a photo of an unknown band, you have to work harder to get people interested, and the quality of the photo is much more important. I also think that the crowds that attend the shows, and their interaction with the performers, are so much more interesting."

It is this quality that allows Smith's work to be effective and memorable. Many of his photos chronicle the interaction between the performers and the audience. This is a conscious effort on Smith's part.

"This is the other paradox of my work. I am taking stills of constant action. As a spectator you can't take in all of those separate elements while you are in the situation, but with a still photo you have the chance to revisit that one moment in time and see how all of those elements work together," Smith explains.

The elements are in full display in the Re-Entry show, and like Smith himself, the photos manage to simultaneously blend into their surroundings and make an impact on the environment they are in. When asked if the café was a calculated choice for the show, Smith responds in the affirmative. "I am a fan of galleries but I think people interact with and experience art differently if they encounter it in surroundings that are not designed solely for the purpose of viewing art. I like the idea of bringing art into the community." Judging from the amount of people greeting Smith at Re-Entry, the community likes the idea as well.

Smith's current show is at Re-Entry Espresso (4363 Main St.) and runs until Mar. 15. For readers unable to see the show prior to its closing date, Smith's site Rock Stock and Two Smoking F-Stops (www.adampwsmith.com) posts a new photo every day at one second past midnight and functions as a veritable catalogue of the local music scene.

VD

Come sit by my fire:

Peppermill Records and the Shel Silverstein Project

by Miné Salkin | art by Debby Reis

These are the lines of a poet that has inspired a non-profit, collaborative, international multi-media art project. Lead by the independent Vancouver label Peppermill Records, the poetry of Shel Silverstein will come to life at Little Mountain Studios on Saturday Apr. 18. Born in 1930, Silverstein was an American poet who was also accomplished as a musician, songwriter, screenwriter and cartoonist. He won a Grammy for his musical and lyrical composition of "A Boy Named Sue," which was performed by Johnny Cash in the early 1970s. His quirky writing style, use of slang and bizarre story ideas was attributed to the fact that he intentionally never read the work of other writers, in order to preserve and enhance his unconventional flair with words.

Like Silverstein, Peppermill Records has established an equally alternative aesthetic through its connections with eccentric underground artists from all over the world. Silverstein's work as a children's author has attracted the attention of the label, and this is where the entire musical project comes from.

Peppermill Records began as a pet project in 2005, but has grown tremendously with projects such as 52 Weeks, in which 52 artists made a song for each week of the year based on a news headline, and last summer's Lunar Jam, a three-day festival at Pierce Lake, B.C. Peppermill Records was created by the spirited 31-year-old Peter Krahn, who is a visionary drifter. During the summer months, Krahn is a nomadic tree planter, which gives him the winter period to mull over new artistic ideas and plan events. In the Shel Silverstein project, officially called Come Sit By My Fire, he hopes to capture the creativity and imagination of the childhood experience by turning Silverstein's poetry into songs.

Krahn has always been interested in the intertextuality of art across all platforms and mediums. "For a while I thought about turning a poet into a musician. So I spent a while reading a lot of poetry and found one that was the most conducive to music. I just wanted the whole process of turning literature into melody," he told *Disorder* over a milky chai latte.

For weeks, Krahn sifted through a library of poetry books and researched obscure authors, finally picking Shel Silverstein's work because it was a very positive element of his childhood. "A lot of people have had really nostalgic memories of him," Krahn said. For many people of all ages, Silverstein's books such as *The Giving Tree* and *Where the Sidewalk Ends* are cornerstones of North American childhood.

So far, Krahn has nearly 60 artists working on the project, some of whom are from the U.K., Norway and Denmark. Some notable Vancouver acts include Buffaloswans, the rambunctious psychedelic rock group with a country twang who will be playing "True Story," two-step folk artist Nick Caceres for "The Loser" and super unconventional Hymns To Werewolves playing "Falling Up." As the project is international, Peppermill is planning for three other shows for the same event in Toronto, Oslo and Montreal.

Drawn by the creativity of children and their curiosity about the world, Krahn chose bands that would bring out the offbeat, yet morally yielding effects of Silverstein's works. The aesthetic of Peppermill encompasses all genres, but emphasizes the need to be innovative and multi-textural. The Shel Silverstein project envisions the multidimensionality of art attuned to the curiosity and imagination of a child's mind, accompanied by equally compelling music. "This is one of the more folkier themes ... It sort of taps into everyone's inner child," Krahn said.

Musician, curator and collage maker, Krahn is also an investigator. He describes the pursuit of new musicians as an artistic kind of voyeurism, an inquiry into places and ideas. "You can search all places of the world," he explained.

"I always look for the artwork first, then I give it to the musicians when I invite them." Krahn tirelessly searches and scans through MySpace looking for promising artists, filtering through bands whose musical subject matches his artistic vision for his projects.

"I really enjoy being a curator for others," he said.

Sometimes it comes down to actively pursuing a specific country to search for new hidden talents. After not hearing anything from Sweden for a while, Krahn picked up Ljudbilden & Piloten, an ambient folk music band with highly ethereal, experimental montages who will be performing "Rain."

The Shel Silverstein Project is a very promising one. While Krahn isn't making a profit from the event, he hopes to sell artwork and other merchandise at the show in order to compensate the bands for their time. All of the previous Peppermill projects are available on the website as free downloads. Peppermill represents an age of new music in which record labels are willing to disseminate and promote the creativity of others without asking for money first.

by



"If you are a dreamer, come in. If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar, a hopper, a prayer, a magic-bean-buyer. If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire, for we have some flax-golden tales to spin. Come in! Come in!"

—from Shel Silverstein's "Invitation" the opening poem of *Where the Sidewalk Ends*.

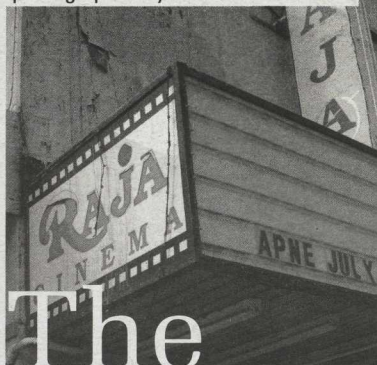
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The current state of the Raja Cinema
photographed by Jessica Smith



The York Theatre

By Jessica Smith

East Vancouver will be getting a renewed live performance and music venue in a building that was built as a home for theatre before the age of talking pictures.

"It has been derelict-looking for the past few years," said Tom Durrie, an East-Vancouver resident who has led the Save The York Theatre Society since 1982. The theatre at the north end of Commercial Drive was saved in early February, days before it was slated for demolition. The new city council agreed to a plan where local developer Bruno Wall agreed to spend \$12 million to buy and renovate the theatre in return for an equal value of density transfers to be approved by the city for other developments at a later date. Allocating density transfers for developers who help restore heritage buildings is common practice. In this case it means that Wall will be granted exemptions to city density zoning or by-laws, for example to build taller buildings, and that the value of those exemptions will be up to \$12 million.

After the renovations the theatre will be handed over to the Vancouver East Cultural Centre—better known as the Culch—to run it as a live theatre and music space.

Heather Redfern, executive director of the Culch, said the theatre will be used for the programming the centre is known for—a wide variety of performing art—and that on free days the theatre will be rented out to touring performers and musicians. The exterior of the theatre will be changed, with the addition of a two-story glass lobby. Inside, the theatre will be spruced up, but almost unchanged from its original design.

"A lot of people have fond memories about the creaks and the cracks and I do too, but it meant that the building was in terrible terrible shape," said Redfern.

"People will experience that the acoustics are much better, you don't have nearly as much sound leak from the street—because you could hear the traffic go by and the rain on the roof before and we're fixing that. They're not going to feel like the space is much different, we haven't changed the relationship between the stage and the audience at all."

Redfern has gone to the theatre since her high school days in the '70s, and remembers deciding to spend her life working in theatre after seeing Michel Tremblay's *Hosanna* performed there, with Richard Monette in the starring role.

"I've seen so many fantastic performances there over the past 35 years, and I think the way people are going to remember it in the future is we're going to put more fantastic performances into that

theatre," she said.

Over the years of trying to save the theatre, Durrie has done extensive research on the building's history.

"Around 1910 to 1912 this part of town was just being opened up," said Durrie. "It was an up-and-coming area, and a woman and her husband [the Van Harligners] opened a dance studio for the daughters of the rising middle class."

According to Durrie, the Van Harligners recruited Robert MacLaren, an oilman from Alberta, to build a theatre to show their performances.

Initially named the Alcazar in 1913, it served as a venue for live theatre and dance until 1915, when the rise in popularity of movies and the stress of WWI caused it to lose audiences. It was renamed the Palace and showed movies until 1923, when it was renamed again to the Little Theatre and hosted amateur theatre for the next

54 years. During that time there was only one name change in 1941, to the York Theatre, following a set of renovations that gave the exterior of the building its current art-deco style.

By the '80s the building was run down again, renamed the New York Theatre, and used as a practice space, film set and live venue for punk and metal bands including Metallica, Sonic Youth, Nirvana and punk locals DOA.

In 1996 it was renamed the Raja and showed Bollywood films until the early '00s, when attendance petered off. Since then it has been kept dark most of the time and used only

for the occasional show.

Joey "Shithead" Keithley, lead singer of DOA, played about half a dozen shows at the theatre in the early '80s. He said his favourite was a benefit for the Squamish Five, a group of anarchists known for bombing Red Hot Video outlets and a Toronto plant that manufactured components of cruise missiles.

While he was happy to see the theatre saved from demolition, he doesn't think it will be "a raging punk rock palace again."

"It was a great place for shows," said Keithley. "It's a good location because it's right in East Vancouver, which is basically the stomping grounds of the old punk rock scene in those days. But if it gets fixed up really nice, I expect you'll never see another rock show in there again, because it would just get all beat up again if there was. That's kind of the way it goes."

The York is scheduled to reopen in 2011.

YorkTheatre of yore

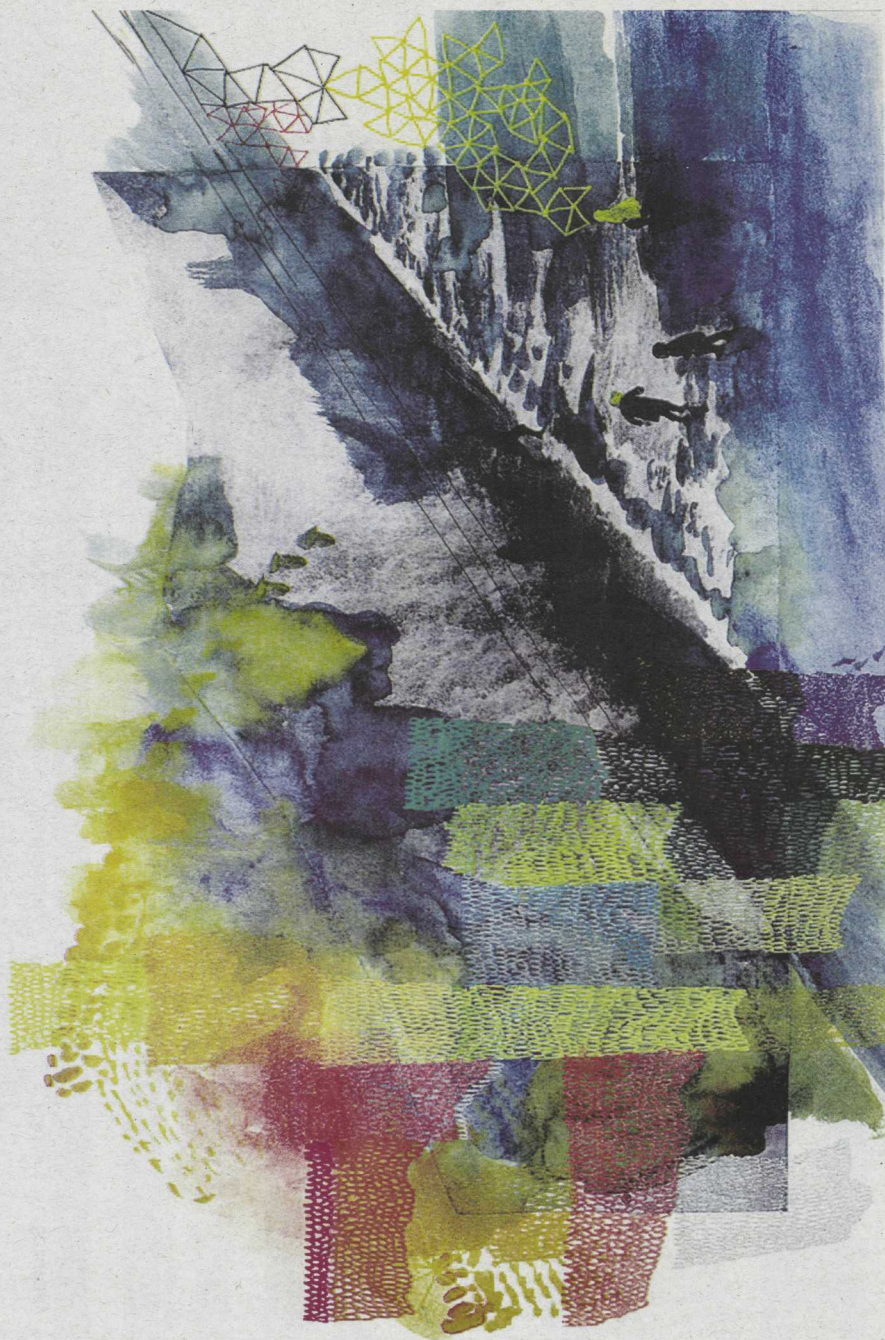


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MARCH



s	m	t	w	t	f	s
1 UBC Visual Arts Fundraiser @ Bourbon	2 Tight Solid, Jonny Wakeham, Streetlight @ Biltmore	3 Estelle @ Vogue Judy Glenhum, Analog Bell Service @ Biltmore	4 The SSRIs, Falcao and Monashes @ Bourbon Fake Jazz Wednesday @ Cobalt	5 Clues, Animal Names @ Biltmore Luke Doucet (and the White Falcon) @ Richards Wintermitts, Portico & Catlow @ Railway Club	6 Said the Whale, Karkwa, Lucie Idout @ Biltmore Azada Booth @ Blim The Sappers, A Fine Mist, SSRIs @ Gallery Lounge Efterklang, Peter Broderick @ Media Club	7 Antisocial Anniversary w/ Ladyhawk, Adelaide @ Biltmore SNFU @ Cobalt Sweet Potatoes, Lost Lov- ers Brigade, Fanshaw, Role March @ Little Mountain Adjective, Twin Crystals, The New Values @ Media Club
8 Pop Levi @ Media Club Fujiva & Miyagi @ Richard's Jasapoids Terrorbird, DBMHLR @ Biltmore (Daytime Swap Meet)	9 The Best Revenge, The Enan- glons, Captain Dust @ Biltmore	10 Futurecop!, Theophilus London @ Biltmore	11 Ndidi Onukwulu @ Biltmore	12 Ora Corgan, E.S.L., Deb-Jean @ Biltmore Simian Mobile Disco, My! Gay Husband! @ Commodore All Purpose Voltage Heros, War Baby @ Honey	13 The Sadies, Julie Doiron @ Biltmore Cabaret ...And You Will Know Us By the Trail of Dead, Funeral Party, Midnight Masses @ Richard's	14 The Sadies, Rich Hope @ Biltmore Town Pants, Whiskey Dicks @ Commodore
15 Black Label Society, Dope & Archer @ Commodore	16 Mexican Drug Patrol, Los Malos, Zombie Pistolero @ Biltmore	17 HOUSE PARTY @ Biltmore SJ Jazz Collective @ Chan Centre	18 Plants and Animals @ Biltmore Lady Gaga, White Tie Affair, Chester French @ Commodore	19 Zaki Ibrahim @ Biltmore	20 Vancouver, Ghost House, the Safety Show @ Anza Club Owl Drugs, Spectres, the Winston Campaign @ Pat's Pub Alex Cuba, Zapato Negro, @ Biltmore	21 Hawaiian Bibles, Catamaran, the New Colors @ Malones Ariel Pink's Haunted Graffiti @ Media Club the Green Hour Band, My! Gay Husband! @ Biltmore Hermane Dune, Sun Wizard @ Biltmore
22 Brunch with you mom	23 I know, I'll just sit at home and read my issue of Disorder while listening to CTR.	24 GZA, RED 1, DJ MARVEL @ Commodore	25 Bonnie Prince Billy, Pillars and Tongues @ Vogue	26 City and Colour, Kathleen Edwards @ Orpheum Art Bergmann @ Richard's	27 Sorcerers @ Pat's Pub	28 Sex Negatives, Boogie Monster, Orlando Magic @ Peanut Gallery Piper Davis @ Biltmore
29 Great Lake Swimmers, Kate Maki @ St. James Community Hall	30 Azada Booth, Search Parties @ Biltmore Great Lake Swimmers, Kate Maki @ Norm Theatre Serena Ryder, Florence K Stage Stanley Industrial Alliance @ Vogue Tricky @ Vogue	31 Stereo Total, Leslie and the LYs @ Biltmore Joan Baez @ Vogue				

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(Jazz) 7-8pm

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(Tul) 3-4pm

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peck, the Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, the Superlatives and more.

THE RIB

(Edict) 4-5pm

Explore the avant-garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on the Rib. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical. So weird it will blow your mind!

NEWS 101

(New/Tul) 5-5:30pm

Vancouver's only live, volunteer-produced student and community newscast. Every week, we take a look back at the week's local, national and international news, as seen from a fully independent media perspective.

SON OF NITE DREAMS

(Edict) alternative Mondays

6-7:30pm

Join jolly John Tanner, radio survivor for almost half a century now heard alternating Mondays with an eclectic musical mix of many eras from the '50s to today.

THE OTHER SIDE OF MONDAY

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6-7:30pm

Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdotes focusing on the here, the now, and the next week.

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Join jolly John Tanner, radio survivor for almost half a century now heard alternating Mondays with an eclectic musical mix of many eras from the '50s to today.

THE OTHER SIDE OF MONDAY

(Edict) alternative Mondays

6-7:30pm

Fun and independent music supported by a conversational monologue of information, opinion and anecdotes focusing on the here, the now, and the next week.

RADIO FREE GAK

(Edict) 7:30-9pm

THE JAZZ SHOW

(Jazz) 7-8pm

Enjoyed when poked with a stick and held close to a fire.

LET'S GET BAKED

(Tul) 3-4pm

Vegan baking with "rock stars" like Laura Peck, the Food Jammers, Knock Knock Ginger, the Superlatives and more.

THE RIB

(Edict) 4-5pm

Explore the avant-garde world of music with host Robyn Jacob on the Rib. From new electronic and experimental music to improvised jazz and new classical. So weird it will blow your mind!

NEWS 101

(New/Tul) 5-5:30pm

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QUEER FM

(*Tu*) 6-8pm

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music.

queerfm@vnet.net

(*Th*) 8-9pm

Rhythmantra features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from the 1930s to the present. Ghazals and Bhangas. Qawwalis, pop and regional language numbers.

ALL AWESOME IN YOUR EARS

(*Th*) 8-9pm

The one and the only Mondo Tralho with Maxwell Maxwell—don't miss it!

TRANSCENDANCE

(*Dn*) 10pm-12am

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common ideas as your host DJ Stanley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts.

monday

(*Tu*) 7:30-8am

Radio that gets professors talking at UBC.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

(*Th*) 8-11am

Your favourite Brownmatters, James and Perez, offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights. <brownmatters@vnet.net>

JAPANESE MUSICQUEST

(*Th*) 11-12pm

Syndicated from CITY Kosekery Co-op Radio in Nelson, B.C.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO

(*Tu*) 12-1pm

Hosted by David Barsamian.

CANADIAN VOICES

(*Tu*) 1-3pm

Parts Unknown, an indie pop show that has been on CTR since 1999, is like a marshmallow sandwich with sweet and best

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever sane, Gavin Walker. Features at 11pm.

(*Th*) 11pm

This March, celebrate the 7th Anniversary of Blue Nore Records. Presenting some well and some not so well-known discs, but all are classics. March 2: John Calabrese. "Blue Train." March 9: Trumpeter Kenny Dornham. "Whistle Stop."

(*Th*) 11-12pm

March 16: Tenor saxophonist, J.R. Montrose. "Introducing J.R." March 23: Pianist/composer Howard Silver. "Further Explorations." March 30: Pianist/composer Andrew Hill. "Judgment."

WEDNESDAY BARBECUE

(*W*) 4:30-6pm

Time in each week to hear Daryl Souter talk about the world of science. I'll discuss everything from the Vancouver Canucks to the World Rock Paper Scissors Championship.

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WEDNESDAY BARBECUE

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(*Tu*) 6-6:30pm

The judges: Canadian writing, poetry readings, author interviews, short stories, spoken word, etc.

SAMSQUANTCHS

(*Th*) 6-7pm

All-Canadian music with a focus on indie-rock/pop.

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(*W*) 4:30-6pm

French language and music.

(*Th*) 5-6pm

Iranian Talk and Music syndicated from CFSB Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, B.C.

STEREOSCOPIC REDOUBT

(*Th*) 7-8pm

Psychiatric and punk freakbeat, prog and other grotesque and socially relevant artifacts from 1965 to today, with a particular emphasis on Vancouver's freak

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school hardware backed by band interviews, guest speakers and social commentary.

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Vancouver's longest running radio show on the air. If you're into music that's on the heavier/darker side of the spectrum, then you'll like Power Chord. Some assault provided Geoff the Metal Pump.

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Japandroids

The way drums and guitar fit together



by Jordie Yow | art by Aisha Davidson

Japandroids have an unusual band name. It's definitely memorable, but even when the band's two members—Brian King and David Prowse, both 26—christened their musical project, they weren't very excited about it. Their band name, like much of the band's sound, is the result of a strong desire by both members to come up with something they would be mutually satisfied with. In 2006 the band was coming together and they were still thinking hard about a name. King was gunning for *Pleasure Droids* while Prowse—who doesn't really like the name anymore—was pulling for *Japanese Scream*. Finally, in a compromise that pleased neither member, King combined their two names to create Japandroids. If things had worked out a little differently they might have ended up being called *Pleasure Scream*.

The band's sound is also a constant compromise, in that they make music that comes from where their tastes overlap. The result is a sound that falls somewhere between the Sonics, the Constantines, Wire and McClusky, to name just a few of their influences.

"We're taking different bits [and] pieces of all these bands we really like, but not enough to be recognizable," said King. "It's nothing new, but [you] can't place it."

The result is King's crunching, fuzzy guitar laid over Prowse's dynamic, high-energy drumming while both members wail, shout and sing out their songs. The band's sound is all about "the way drums and guitar fit together," Prowse said.

The two of them met with me for drinks at the Brickhouse before their first show in Vancouver since September, which took place Feb. 7 at the Cobalt.

Japandroids independently released their two EPs, *All Lies* and *Lullaby Death Jams* in 2007 and 2008, respectively. This year they're releasing the full-length, *Post-Nothing*, on Unfamiliar Records, a label that has also put out music by great local acts like No Gold, the Clips and Victoria's Paper Cranes. The album is due out in late April, but it's already generating some hype. The key to this might be the fact that the band has decided to put the whole album up on the Internet for anyone to listen to prior to the April release. A quick Google search for "japandroids post-nothing" provides several links to sites where the whole album is streamed.

The band is pretty savvy when it comes to getting their music out there. King made a habit of making sure that digital copies of both their EPs were readily available for anyone who wanted to download them on a number of P2P file-sharing services. The band chose to release *Post-Nothing* as a vinyl-dig-

ital release, meaning that the new album will be purchasable on vinyl and on the Internet, but not on CD. Although not everyone listens exclusively to music in MP3 format, it certainly is trending that way. King and Prowse point out that most people who buy a CD, just buy it to rip it.

"Most people will be listening on their iPods anyways," said King. Following this logic they are including a free download of the album with each vinyl purchase. Japandroids felt the need for some sort of physical product, but when Unfamiliar Records offered them the choice between vinyl or CD the choice was easy.

"Vinyl will never go out of style," King exclaimed. "It will always be cool."

Post-Nothing is their best music to date. It's high on energy with some of the best hooks they've put together yet. It doesn't stray much in style from the heavy, fast, distorted songs of their EPs, but it is some of the most accessible music they've made. The album is short—only eight tracks long—but each song is memorable. It's all-killer-no-filler if you'll pardon the cliché.

"We wanted to make every song really strong," said Prowse. They held back a number of songs they don't think are ready to be recorded yet so they can work out the kinks. Listening to their music you can see what Prowse means. The intricacies of the interactions between his drumming and King's guitar sound like they've come out of a heavy rehearsal process where their practice repertoire just got more complex, but the songs always held together cohesively around the simple lyrics.

Though, the practiced interaction of guitar and drums are Japandroids' biggest strength, their lyrics do not disappoint. They are simple and to the point—reminiscent of early Constantines in subject and style (not vocal style, but thematic style). Their lyrics are unadorned, sometimes bordering on silly. It's hard to argue that lines such as, "French kissing some French girls" on "Wet Hair" is deep poetry. Despite the simplicity of their words, the repetition and enthusiasm of their lyrics manage to evoke strong feelings. On "Press Corps," the simple refrain, "Press corps / Give us something to wake up for," perfectly conveys the feeling of depression felt by anyone who regularly follows the news.

Post-Nothing was recorded last summer live in studio at the Hive. Like many bands starting out, all their recordings are made this way.

"As long as we continue to make records with little to no money it will be this way," said Prowse.

Not that either of them are starving; they both work day-jobs full time to pay for bills and recording sessions.

The financial need to have songs ready before they record is a big part of their songwriting process. Some of their songs have come out of a desperation to use the time they booked at a recording studio.

"Fuck, we're going to record! We've got to have something!" King said while describing the process.

The band is just starting to get some cred internationally with write-ups in Pitchfork Jan. 9 this year and Exclaim! in summer 2007 and late 2008. The Pitchfork appearance finally got them a brief nod in the Georgia Straight titled, "Japandroids get Pitchforked" on Jan. 15.

"We can get in the most influential music publication of our generation [Pitchfork] before we get in the Georgia Straight," joked King.

Despite the lack of local media coverage at larger papers, the duo places a lot of importance on giving back to the community once they gain some recognition. In the interview we spent a lot of time discussing Vancouver bands that have "made it" in one way or another and how they have (or have not) given back to Vancouver's music scene. As fans of local music they place importance on supporting other local acts and music fans by playing shows and using their influence to further develop Vancouver's music community.

Though currently still as much on the fan side of things as they are on the band side of things, Japandroids isn't sure what the future holds for its love of Vancouver music.

"It would be premature to ... honestly say whether I will come to loathe or appreciate my local music community," King wrote in an email. While they are currently in a giving mood, though, be sure to check them out.

Japandroids will be playing Mar. 8 at the Biltmore with Terrobird and DRMHLLR during the Biltmore's second Swap Meet. They also have plans to play a show in April to kick off their tour. Keep an eye on their Myspace at www.myspace.com/japandroids for the details.



Shindig
finalist

the Sappers

What a couple of saps!

by Alex Smith | art Audrey Egeland

The Sappers, 2008's Shindig runners-up, came together in a big, empty New Westminster house left in their care until it could be sold on behalf of its deceased owner. Redolent with this eerie ambience, and with a name that reverberates with the history of our beloved province, the Sappers play creaky, old-time country/folk music, complete with banjo, accordion and a healthy sense of anachronism. I recently cornered Harold Donnelly (guitar/vocals) and Jeff Fedoruk (bass) at a Main St. coffee shop and forced them to talk to me for, like, 45 minutes!

"We had this house for the first six months of our existence—we would just play into the odd hours of the night, right through the dead of winter," said Fedoruk. "There was

"We wanted something old-timey, something that spoke of the history of New West, because we're all from there," said Fedoruk. "I felt our music was a throwback in the same sense."

only electricity in certain parts of the house, and there wasn't much heating, so we all kind of gathered around whatever outlet was working."

In keeping with this antique theme, the band's name refers to no less than the pre-Dominion history of British Columbia. "Sappers" are army engineers—in this case, the Columbia detachment of the British army's Royal Engineers, who, in the 19th century, were stationed in what is now the Sapperton neighbourhood of New Westminster.

"We wanted something old-timey, something that spoke of the history of New West, because we're all from there," said Fedoruk. "I felt our music was a throwback in the same sense."

The music that emerges from this aesthetic is musty, genuine and heartfelt. It also feels blessedly out of touch with the not-so-current vogue for hipster "freak-folk."

"It's not something we consciously do. I don't really know the hipster folk, to be honest. I have lots of friends who are into it. I just listen to Bob Dylan!" said Donnelly.

Fedoruk agreed: "As far as the stuff that we all listen to, the Beatles are probably the only thing," he said. "A couple of us are into the Band and Dylan. I don't know. We all really like Elliott Smith."

When I asked them whether they intended to add a drummer to their lineup, the Sappers were non-committal.

"We found that we all just kind of took a part of the [imagined] drums and played it ourselves," said Donnelly. "[Fedoruk] was like the snare drum, and I was the hi-hat. Colin [McCune] is the toms. [laughing]"

Those of you who witnessed their less-is-more approach during the Shindig performances might be surprised to learn that Donnelly and Fedoruk are music students—but then again, you might not. Behind their loose, folksy groove is an evident respect for the technical aspects of performance.

"Yeah, I teach little kids guitar—and I work in a warehouse," said Donnelly, having regaled me with the relative merits of the music programs at SFU and Capilano College. "I study music. I did a few years at VCC taking jazz guitar, and I went to SFU, but I didn't really like it. I'm going to finish up at Cap College in music education."

"All I play are roots and fifths!" added Fedoruk. "But one show we had, we couldn't find anyone to open for us, so we had to play three hours worth of music. So first we played instrumental versions of our songs, and then, because we needed to fill the set, we played a 30-minute version of Miles Davis' 'All Blues'!"

"There's a time and a place," said Donnelly, somehow encapsulating the Sappers in a sentence. "You don't need to wank out prog-metal style—as tempting as it is."

The Sappers play at UBC's Gallery Pub on Mar. 6 with the SSRIs and Fine Mist. Check them out online at: www.myspace.com/thesappersband.



Shindig
finalist

the Magician

No Conjurer of Cheap Tricks

by Alex Hudson | art by Audrey Egeland

Prior to Shindig 2008, you could count the number of performances by the Magician (a.k.a. Nathan Moes) on one hand. When Moes took the stage at the Railway Club, he was unaccompanied except by a keyboard and cardboard cutouts of Michael Jordan and NFL quarterback Drew Bledsoe. (Bassist Jonathan Anderson and drummer Jay Arner would join him in later rounds.) The set began in typical fashion, with a series of catchy, '60s-inflected piano pop songs. Then, with a programmed drum loop playing over the P.A., Moes briefly stopped playing keyboard, pulled out a length of rope and performed a magic trick more suited to a child's birthday party than an indie music show. If anyone

"With my kicks, with my slacks, with my cardigan / I'm a 10.5 on a scale of 10.5"

in the audience had been wondering where the name "the Magician" came from, that definitely cleared things up:

Antics such as this might suggest that Moes isn't too concerned about coming off as frivolous. A few minutes of conversation with the Langley singer/keyboardist, however, revealed that this is not the case. "[Magic] doesn't give you much credibility," he acknowledged. "I'm so aware of perceptions of magicians. People don't take it seriously. They think of a kid's birthday party, somebody's dressed up in an over-sized suit that's probably some sort of gaudy colour. So it's a dangerous place to tread."

Moes adopted his musical alias as a personal reference to his work as a magician; during high school, he performed at restaurants, weddings and parties, doing tricks with coins, playing cards and the length of rope that made an appearance at Shindig. Coming from a 22-year-old songwriter, the magic act may seem a little hokey, but Moes persists with the persona because of what he sees as a parallel between the roles of musician and magician.

"I like the idea of the magician, not just as a human magi-

cian, but the Great Magician, like a creator figure in fantasy or something, who creates things—kind of like going to a piano and creating things."

Like a magician, whose performance can inspire and challenge an audience, Moes said magic is "a powerful medium, and it doesn't have to be about some person showing off."

That's the way it is with the Magician; his music works on multiple levels, and if something initially seems juvenile or one-dimensional, that's because you aren't looking hard enough.

Take the title of his debut EP, *Who Will Cut Your Grass When I'm Gone?* Any fan of Canadian indie music will immediately recognize it as a tribute to the 2003 album by the Unicorns, *Who Will Cut Our Hair When We're Gone?* But as well as a way for Moes to "pay his respects" to the Unicorns, the title is a poignant plea for love and an autobiographical reference to the summers Moes spent as a landscaper.

"It's kind of an inside joke that I'll actually be excited about telling cutting-grass stories." He said that among his landscaping buddies "there's this kind of funny bond, where we all love cutting grass, talking about cutting-grass stories, and smearing feces on your face when you're weeding and [going] crazy."

Feces-smearing aside, Moes wants to be taken seriously, and is wary of anything that might come off as too gimmicky. "I don't like quirky songwriting," Moes laughed. "That over-the-top, don't-take-me-seriously [type of song]. I don't want to use irony."

This isn't to say that *Grass* is humourless, as it has more than its fair share of laugh-out-loud moments. Look no further than the opening track, "Introducing," which ends with 30 seconds of lo-fi keyboard noodling based on a butchered version of "Smoke on the Water." Two tracks later, "NJ v. NJM" pilfers lines from T.I.'s "What You Know" (the title references the

2007 album *T.I. vs. T.I.B.*); with its outrageous boast, "With my kicks, with my slacks, with my cardigan / I'm a 10.5 on a scale of 10.5," the song is the silliest and most charming use of hip-hop slang since Weezer complained of "homies dissin' my girl" 15 years ago.

Despite the magic tricks, the allusions and the frequent humour, the Magician is much more than a novelty act. Instead, Moes' ultimate goal in music is something more relatable: "Straightforward pop songs. A great catchy melody, that's it." And in just seven tracks on *Grass*, he's achieved plenty of moments of pop bliss. The upbeat piano groove of "Ant/Whale/You & Me" is almost unfathomably catchy, complete with whistling, finger snaps and

a wordless "da na na" vocal outro. Reverby piano and spacy organ interplay on "Little Bird," while ramshackle percussion holds a down-tempo groove for the song's syrupy sweet vocal melody. Best of all is the aforementioned "NJ v. NJM," which offsets its silly lyrics against an ominously distorted bassline, blippy keyboard riffing and haunting double-tracked vocals.

Regardless of recent successes—Moes' Shindig performances earned him a spot in the competition's finals, where he placed third—the future of the Magician is uncertain. He

describes the idea of recording an LP as "daunting," and is considering going on tour this summer—not so that he can build a fanbase, but "just for the sake of telling my kids that I toured."

That's hardly the ego you might expect from someone with a musical-magical variety show, but as with any magician worth his salt, when it comes to Nathan Moes, appearances can be deceiving. **DJ**



Shindig
winner!



Hermetic

Good tempered chords, a punk growl and back again

by E. E. Mason | art by Colin Moore

In recordings, Hermetic come across with all the bruised honesty of the Jam; live, they make it look easy to deliver loud, crunchy, moshable indie numbers. It's no surprise to learn that this Vancouver-based two-piece have put in plenty of time honing their skills over the years. It's apparent in the energy of their stage presence and ear for a catchy melody backed with a guitar sound that can switch from good-tempered chords to a punk growl and back again in the blink of an eye.

Frontman Eric Axen (vocals, baritone guitar, occasional harmonica) and Bart Newman (drums, vocals) have each played in several bands since meeting in their early teens in Smithers, B.C.—including Paper Lanterns, and, most recently, the basement punk band Painted Youth. They have also taken in encyclopedic quantities of music which has certainly contributed to the quality and confidence of their overall sound, tracks such as “Preventative Arrest” from their 2008 EP reveal energy and tight arrangements driven by the diverse textures of Axen's baritone guitar.

Following the demise of Painted Youth, Hermetic kicked off back in 2006. After a period in which they played a few shows, things began to take off: Last year was Hermetic's most successful so far, with gigs, recordings, and winning CTR's Shindig. They've already released a split EP with Plus Perfect and toured across the country with Animal Names (in which Newman also plays drums). The start of 2009 promises to be even busier, with a raft of local gigs and some serious recording time in the offing. The band has a fair amount of material and there's a new album planned.

Disorder caught up with Axen and talked to him about news, views and the special Vancouver flavour of performing in a backyard shed.

How was the whole Shindig experience?

Really fun, and sort of absurd, but really fun. I didn't think I would ever play in Shindig, but then I joined Fanshaw last year who played a few shows in it, and I played those shows with

There's a really good indie pop scene here... and it's really fun. There's such a positive energy.

them. I was surprised with how relaxed the whole Shindig atmosphere is and how bands watch each others' sets and they're like, you know, “Right on!” When you think of a battle of the bands it's sort of got this weird high-school connotation, but Shindig is pretty chilled. So it was really fun.

How would you define your sound?

I think our two main influences are early post-punk, like Mis-

sion of Burma and Wire, maybe the Minutemen, just high-energy post-punk. And also lots of '90s lo-fi indie guitar pop, like the Inbreds and Plumtree, lots of Halifax bands. I mean, we listen to all sorts of stuff, but I think those are the two most obvious forces coming together.

Tell me a bit more about how Hermetic got started.

I guess I'd always liked the idea of two-piece bands. When I heard the Evens' first record—Ian McKaye's current band—and he uses a baritone guitar, and then drums played with brushes, and it's such a nice range on that instrument, and it just sort of clicked. It seemed like a perfect instrument for a two-piece band, because he gets really great bass-lines and treble parts. We don't sound anything like them, but that was the first band where the light-bulb turned on. And also I rediscovered the Inbreds who I really liked when I was younger. So I guess it was summer 2005 that I was listening to the Inbreds and the Evens non-stop and that was also when my old band with Bart, Painted Youth, was fizzling out. I basically broached the idea with him but then didn't get a baritone guitar and didn't start writing songs until about a year later.

So what's special about a baritone guitar?

A baritone has the same relationship between the strings, but it's tuned down to B. But you actually can't really play it like a regular guitar—it's too muddy. And you can't play it like a bass.

It's like, I was tired of guitar and tired of bass. So it's this new instrument; it was the best of both worlds and it's fun just writing songs on a new instrument. You get all these ideas that you wouldn't have thought of otherwise.

I think it's different because I'm consciously trying to write to make it sound like there's two parts at the same time. So I'm always conscious of whether there's a bass-line part and regular chords or picking. I'm always trying to have some sort of harmony going on within just the guitar itself. So I guess that's the challenge with it, just being a two-piece, but it's also what determines the sound.

What are you working on at the moment?

We've got gigs lined up. We've recorded a song for a split seven-inch, but I don't know who is going to be the other band just yet. I have ideas but I shouldn't say anything. And it looks like we're recording in June at the Hive for a full-length, so that's the most exciting thing for us right now. We demmed the last of our new songs so we're ready to record an album—it's just a matter of getting the time in at the Hive.

And after that? Future plans?

Just keep playing shows and tour, I guess. We did a short tour in the fall to Toronto and back with Animal Names, Bart's other band, but I would like to do a B.C.-Alberta thing because our best shows so far have been here and [in] Alberta; I'd like to go up to Prince George, Edmonton, Calgary, Lethbridge, home, just do a little loop like that in the spring. I'd like to tour Canada again, but we're mostly thinking about the album right now.

What have you got lined up for the album? Are any labels interested?

This label, Plans to Make Plans, they're putting out Plus Perfect's record, so when they found out that we were just going to do a split CD together they were like, "Oh hey, we'll pay for that." So that was really nice. They're putting out our split seven inch; that should be coming out, well, I don't know—things always take longer than you expect them to, but hopefully in the spring. They might be interested with the album but it's hard to say. I don't really have any expectation, but just that they've already helped us out with a few things is really encouraging.

It's the best thing to have someone who actually actively likes your music and wants to help out. It's so encouraging.

With the record we'll probably have 14 or 15 songs to record, not that we'll release a 15-song record, but if we can pick the best ones and make it 10 or 12 songs. I've never played on a full-length album before. I've always been in bands that release demos or EPs or stuff and then break up, so it's exciting for me.

How was touring last fall?

It was fun. It was exhausting. A lot of it was kind of a bust, because my favourite part of touring is networking, meeting people, and a lot of the shows we played, the third band would cancel or something. So it was like Animal Names and us in a bar where no one really cared, in Ontario.

"There's always this crisis of venues shutting down and venues turning into condos and stuff like that, but it also forces people to come up with alternatives."

So those shows were a bit of a write-off, but probably our best show was in Lethbridge. It was this second year anniversary of a local independent record store and it was a college radio tie-in, so that was really good. I always find I like actually playing smaller towns more than bigger cities because there's less going on in those towns. More people come out to your show and they're more appreciative. If you play a place like Toronto, it's still fun, but chances are there's like 20 things going on that night—people will stop in, check it out, go somewhere else.

The other really fun show we had on that tour was in Calgary, because that was a last minute gig, and there was only room for one more band on the bill. So Animal Names and

Hermetic set up all their stuff at the same time and we traded songs. I played air baritone guitar during the Animal Names songs and for the Hermetic stuff it was just Bart and me playing but there were three people playing, like, air keyboard. And no one noticed. That was the weird thing. [laughs] A couple of people bought CDs, and we had to tell them it was actually two different bands playing. So it was kind of disturbing that no one noticed but it was fun.

Those were the most fun gigs on tour, the totally random ones.

How has the Vancouver music scene contributed to your development as a band?

I think there's a lot of great bands. There's always bands that I'm really excited about. We're both from Smithers originally, and we moved here after graduation. I remember there being so many bands that we were really excited about, like Reserve 34 and d.b.s. That's the kind of stuff I was into when I was younger, but lately we've been playing with bands like Apollo Ghosts. There's a really good indie pop scene here, like Chris-a-rific, Apollo Ghosts, Collapsing Opposites, all those kinds of bands that we've been playing more shows with lately, and it's really fun. There's such a positive energy. Vancouver's sort of a weird city—there's always sort of a struggle to feel a part of it, for me, anyway, but I think after a year of playing lots of shows we're finally starting to feel that we've found our place within the music scene here. And putting on shows helps, asking your friends to play.

There's always this crisis of venues shutting down and venues turning into condos and stuff like that, but it also forces people to come up with alternative venues. I've done a few shows here at Our Town [café]. It's unconventional but it's really, really fun because it's not this dark bar, you know; the focus is more on the music. I sang at the Low Decibel Festival at Chris-a-rific's Shed on the weekend, and it was this backyard shed venue. Twenty-four bands played two songs each and there was no electricity, but you know, stuff like that, whenever there's a venue shortage it forces people to find alternatives and use them, so that's pretty exciting.

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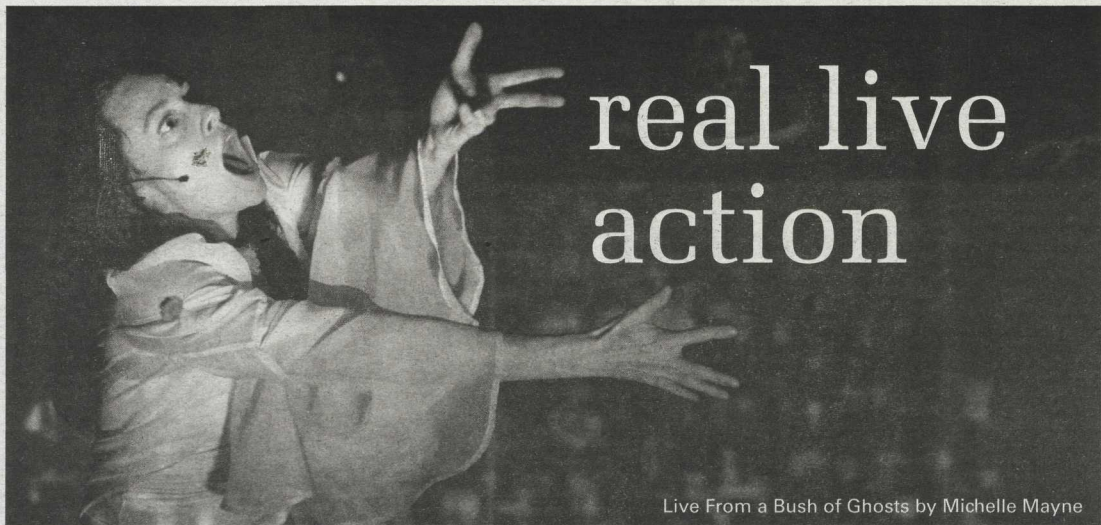
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real live action

Live From a Bush of Ghosts by Michelle Mayne

Metronomy

The Biltmore | January 24

I'm old; I'm 26. And I rarely yell out expletives in public. However, while attending Metronomy's live performance at the Biltmore on Jan. 24, I just couldn't keep the curses inside. These British mates are known for their eclectic sound, combining unlikely instruments like a Moroccan nose-organ with low-cost stage gimmicks and synchronized moves. They're also notorious for wearing push-lights on their chests (all) and two small flashlights on each wrist (keyboardist and saxophonist Oscar Cash) as they groove in unison to their contagious beats. Ask anyone there: these guys are actually catchy enough to make a girl go wild.

And go wild they did. In fact, the audience's maniacal state made it difficult to concentrate on anything other than one's immediate safety. The band was playing on a stage raised about five inches higher than its listeners, and this made them noticeably uncomfortable. After a thrash-worthy rendition of "My Heart Rate Rapid," front man Joseph Mount actually had to ask the crowd to step off. "Can everyone please dance in reverse for a few seconds?" he asked politely in a crisp, British brogue. "People at the front are getting crushed."

After being shoved, groped, dragged to the floor and finely dusted by the hair of a dozen fuzzy hipsters, my typically sane demeanor started to turn freak nasty. It was like everyone had collectively drunk out of the same GHB-drenched punchbowl, and my three friends and I existed to keep them from transforming into a quivering pile of limbs. When Metronomy broke out their groove-tastic hit, "The End Of You Too," the crowd literally went into a thrashing, wolf-like frenzy. Crowd surfers kicked faces, a chick collapsed on my foot and seven girls clung to each other's skin-tight dresses while grinding on the speaker. It was like the opening scene of *Blade*, where the guy starts to realize everyone's a vampire but he keeps dancing anyway. Luckily, this song rocked just as hard live as it does on the album, so we had no trouble keeping our faces off the floor.

When the first few bass lines of the grab-your-honey-close track "Heartbreaker" spilled from the speakers, I literally had to cling to my man's belt loops to keep from being swept away by the seething crowd. "Holy fuck!" I shouted. Then, during the wickedly maniacal "On the Motorway," right as I tried to bust

out a bold hip thrust, the same chick collapsed on my foot again. "What the shit?" I shrieked. The set ended with a great rendition of "Radio Ladio" complete with a delightful elbow to the groin. The guys came back out for a quick, one-song encore and then scuttled offstage to safety. And even though part of my toenail may never grow back, it was still a goddamn scary good show.

—Lena Ross

Beach House

Johnny & the Moon

Richard's on Richards | January 25

In every era of rock and roll there is a streak of romanticism, a disenchanting, daydream sound that becomes revered for its cool detachment with the world at large. Past generations had the Velvet Underground, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds and Mazzy Star. Today, we have the sultry, stranded sounds of Baltimore, Maryland duo Beach House. Singer-keyboardist Victoria Legrand and guitarist Alex Scally graced Richards on Richards on a chilly late January night with an evening of music to escape our troubled times with.

Amidst crowd chatter, Shawnigan Lake, B.C. quartet Johnny & the Moon opened the night with a set of blues-laden country reminiscent of depression-era folk ballads. Lead by former Hot Hot Heat member Dante DeCaro, the band rolled their way through piano-inflected songs about city living and the lessons of a wayward life. The upbeat number "Kid Heaven" spread itself slowly over the crowd with drifting keyboard lines and ebbing drum beat, while the slightly intoxicated, cantankerous melodic weave of "When You're All Alone" easily held the attention of the crowd huddled under the orange stage lights.

The unusually large Sunday evening turnout dispersed briefly before Beach House took the stage with drummer Daniel J. Franz in tow. Beginning with the contemplative, nearly erotic "You Came to Me," the trio played a selection of songs from their self-titled debut and 2008's *Devotion*. Underneath the glare of a disco ball, the bizarre waltz of "Heart of Chambers" and the guitar driven harmonies of "Wedding Bell" mesmerized the swaying crowd, temporarily giving Richards the atmosphere of a high school dance.

While some might dismiss this wistful balladeering as self-indulgent escapism or phony

bohemian posturing (the scourge of all great rock), it rang true enough for a floor-pounding encore call. Despite the haze and pensive pace of their songs, it was refreshing to hear Beach House play music to slow down to, music that impressed with unobtrusive ease rather than the flashy kitsch of the consumer-grade pop spectacle we're all so used to.

—Justin Langille

The Mae Shi Shearing Pinx Certain Breeds

Biltmore Cabaret | January 28

From the moment the curtains opened to the sounds of "Lamb and the Lion," the Mae Shi were one huge ball of energy that took the Biltmore by storm. Each song brought new visual stimulus, ranging from absurd mock-horror facial expressions (courtesy of singer Jonathan Gray) to frantic physical feats of hyperactivity. Various band members repeatedly wove their way through the crowd while still playing their instruments, sometimes belting

out their shouty vocals microphone-free—and, impressively, loud enough to be heard above squawking synths and speedy guitar licks. At one point, when they weren't busy clambering onto various speakers and platforms, they introduced the crowd to a giant rainbow-colored parachute, which covered much of the dance floor and gave the performance even more of a fun-house atmosphere.

Musically, the group was tight as a drum. Selections from last year's *Hillyb* were played to perfection, especially raucous sing-alongs like "Run To Your Grave" and "I Get Almost Everything." Older, more chaotic material ripped by at a frenzied pace, but at times blended into an indistinct mash of similar-sounding riffs. This wouldn't last too long through: the band rarely stopped for stage banter or anything else, so another standout moment was never too far ahead. The show had an air of jubilation—a marked contrast to the devastating assault of the Mae Shi's Los Angeles contemporaries, HEALTH (with whom they share roots in that city's famed D.I.Y. concert venue, the Smell).



Beach House by Steve Louie

The openers that evening also displayed some nice points of contrast with the main attraction. After a few false starts, Certain Breeds created dark dirges punctuated by Leanne Chapman's moaning cello and Jenny May's gothic wails. Thereafter, local noise-rock champions Shearing Pinx engineered a storm of feedback and fuzz atop their consistently superb art-punk. Indie dance group Sex Party were slated to perform after the headliners for some reason—unfortunately they were missed by those who left the venue early with the Mae Shi's stunning performance still ringing in their ears.

—Simon Foreman

Dean & Britta

The Vogue | January 30

Dean Wareham, the former New Zealand denizen of Velvet Underground inspired rock, and Britta Phillips, the singing voice of cartoon character Jem and countless musical projects, put together a subtle and historical night of sound and cinema. Push Festival's *13 Most Beautiful... Songs for Andy Warhol's Screen Tests* is just what it was advertised to be. On their own I wouldn't call the 13 bits of obscure cellulite beautiful; rather, they're a curious collection of characters who found themselves entwined in Warhol's films and more specifically in his Factory studio circa 1964–1966. Nico, Dennis Hopper, Lou Reed and Edie Sedgwick were some of the better-known scenesters projected on the Vogue's silver screen. The roughly four to five minute tests ranged from the neurotic fidgeting of Ingrid Superstar to Ann Buchanan's unblinking stare and singular tear. Channeling the range of emotion glowing from the screen behind them, the four-piece band anchored the images in sound and words, and it was the group's obvious love of the material and of the time and place of Warhol's mid-'60s lifestyle that carried these primarily banal images into the realm of the eternal. Wareham's musical stories told the inner monologues of the visages before the audience. Whether the words were anchored in any actual facts of the subjects' lives didn't matter. Wareham's tenor and Phillips' angelic pipes were as haunting as their slow '60s pop sound and Warhol's images. The idea of *13 Most Beautiful* worked so well it felt like it just had begun when the group said, "Thanks." This is the first time I have ever wanted test time not to end.

—Rob Willis

Broken Social Scene

Tegan and Sara

Orpheum Theatre | February 6

I went into the Tegan and Sara portion of Friday's show with no expectations because, for me, they seem to have lost some of the charm that their earlier albums and performances were jam-packed with. Being a lesbian from Calgary, you would think that I would experience the same affinity towards them that all the other queer girls in the front row do, but their 'few octaves too high' singing style and recent commercial sound have left me wanting more. However, I was more than pleasantly surprised to find myself genuinely enjoying the show. I felt nostalgic and warm when they played their old stuff, putting me right back at my first Tegan and Sara acoustic set in Calgary, and beyond excited about the new music they introduced. One new song in particular, featuring Tegan's vocals, blew me away. It was dark and dirty and what made it so wonderful was that instead of the vocals being a separate entity from the rest of the song, all the instrumentation and Tegan's loud, low, distorted voice blended together to produce a uniform power that left me in awe. The sisters' banter made them real and relatable and their

tight set had me back aboard the Tegan and Sara train.

I feel slightly unsuited to give my opinion on a Broken Social Scene show since I'm friends with a singer in the band and more so because I've never been a fan. They've always just been over-produced noise to me, and I enjoy them all so much more in their individual side projects. With this slightly paradoxical bias kept in mind I'll get on with the review: I thought they were glorious. How's that for a twist? I, Meg Walls, devout disliker of BSS, found

same spirit of innovation that Eno and Byrne invoked on their album. It is rare to see any production that so well mixes together the many forms of media available to a performer. It was easy to get caught in a barrage of images and sound—while considering the intricacies of online poker hands or Friedenberg's impression of a televangelist, you would miss some other beautiful little detail.

Though no attention was spared in the details of the production, there were plenty of big, impressive moments in each of the seven

it felt at times that something was missing—the memories didn't stick like they should have. The band that proclaimed we should "get off the floor while we're still young" seemed to have misplaced sentiments—the fans who saw them at their most volatile are all grown up now. Yes, there were misuses, forgotten lyrics and questionable song choices that peppered their hour-long set. And yet, we brought our dancin' shoes, 'cuz they had a job to do, and at points during the evening, the potency of tracks like "Rum To Whiskey," "In My Heart" and "18 Wheels" were not lost on the near sold out crowd. Fists were pumping, beer was spraying and cameras were flashing in hopes of catching those glimpses of brilliance. Coady Willis still beat the living hell out of his kit, but bassist Derek Fudesco and guitarist Nate Manny seemed detached, and Spencer Moody was downright cryptic with his little speech at the end of the show. On the other end of the stage, guitarist Dann Gallucci was taunting and twirling away, but keyboardist Leslie Hardy probably couldn't have cared less. It was an entertaining if somewhat disengaged performance from a band who could very well have set the stage ablaze, but in the end only managed a few sparks.

—Bryce Dunn

O Paon

Diadem

Aaron Read

St. James Hall | February 14

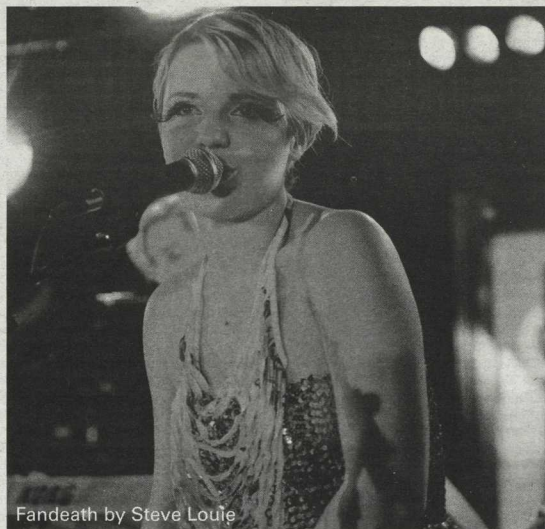
I'm really not one for Hallmark holidays. Thankfully, this past Feb. 14 was a Valentine's Day less ordinary. Local concert promoters Twee Death invited K Records artist and former Quebec resident Geneviève Castrée (O Paon) up from her home in Washington for a night of lamp-light serenades in the quaint St. James church hall.

Local improv comedian Aaron Read opened the night with an eccentric, ugly duckling set of solo songs. Despite long, drawn out guitar tuning and missing beat samples, Read redeemed himself with a sense of humour that kept the docile crowd laughing.

In the world of feminist politics, Valentines Day coincides with V-Day, an annual day to remember and protest violence against women. Aja Rose and Gabriel Solomon (a.k.a. Diadem) dedicated their set of ethereal sound transfiguration to the women who gathered earlier that day to commemorate First Nations women who have gone missing from the Downtown East Side. Crafted from warped vocals, ghostly guitar and a table of electronics, Rose and Solomon's music was a beautiful meditation that easily reached the hearts of those seated in the church's hard pews.

Shortly after, the one-woman show that is O Paon took the darkened wooden church stage to end the night. Listening to the soft-spoken Québécois lyrics and articulate guitar loops of opening song "La Cible," it seemed that Castrée would end the night quietly. However, she brought the crowd to life with a remarkable vocal range, majestic compositions and cultural observations gathered from her stateside life. Managing two microphones and a guitar sitting firmly on her hip, Castrée worked her way through a set of personal songs, including "L'Aéroport," a seething indictment of Condoleezza Rice's role in the Bush administration's atrocities. Ending with an improvised cover of Peter Gabriel's "Don't Give Up," Castrée thanked the crowd of kids cooped up on one another's shoulders, obviously content with the hush and beauty of a night that subverted the most romantic day of the year as much as it embraced it.

—Justin Langille



Fandearth by Steve Louie

myself doing a little toe tappin' and head bobbin' with the rest of the sold-out crowd. The majesty of the Orpheum perfectly suited the energy that BSS exudes and even though they didn't include "Lover's Spit" in their set list. I would say that they've cracked my top fifteen shows. Way to go guys!

—Meg Walls

Live From a Bush of Ghosts

Studio 16 | February 11

In 1981 David Byrne and Brian Eno released *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, an album so original and inspired that there's few DJs today whose style and methods cannot be traced back to it. From Feb. 4 to Feb. 15, an interdisciplinary team of artists took on the ambitious task of recreating the album for the theatrical stage as part of Vancouver's Push Festival.

The Theatre Company production company brought together DJs from No Luck Club and video editor Candelario Andrade making live noise and images, while Tara Cheyenne Friedenberg took centre stage as a focal point for the evening. Friedenberg was a chameleon, playing the roles of a woman scraping electronic parts from a wasteland, a suicidal day trader, an aging gambler living in fantasies of her past, a young DJ ensnared by an Internet predator, a televangelist battling the spirit of Jezebel, and an electronic goddess. As the talented Friedenberg acted and danced through these ghosts of technology, she was backed by music that sounded familiarly like Eno and Byrne's collaboration and bathed in a shimmering array of lights and images.

The result was an abstract and unique mixed media collage—a mesmerizing assault on the senses from start to finish. It's hard to encapsulate all the details of the piece in one go, but the production brought together the

pieces that structured it. As a frazzled stock broker kicks the bucket, you can see a projected image representing his soul fly out towards the ceiling. In the finale Friedenberg plays a goddess embodying both a primitive innocence and advanced technology. The production was so complex and abstract that its interpretation was left entirely in the hands of each audience member, everyone who saw it getting a different experience from it—which is one of the best things any piece of art can do.

—Jordie You

Murder City Devils

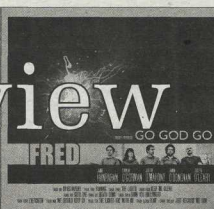
Past Lives

Cap Lori

Commodore Ballroom | February 13

Although I completely missed opener Cap Lori, Past Lives did their best to warm up the throngs of anxious Devils devotees while shedding the skin of their former selves (three quarters of its members were in the much revered spazzcore outfit known as the Blood Brothers) by creating a mesmerizing wall of frenzied drumming and angular guitar slashing completed by singer Jordan Billie's patented wail. It seemed to work, if only to distract the faithful from emptying their wallets to the tune of \$200 for the coveted Murder City Merch box on sale at the bar bar.

To paraphrase the classic Barracuda ode to the '60s, only 30 years into the future: I wish it could be 1995 again. The Murder City Devils that sought to re-ignite the maligned face of "rock" back then was not the same animal this time out, no matter how hard we (and the band) tried to remember it. Mostly because when they laid waste to places like the Brickyard in their heyday, those moments stuck like the gum on your shoe and wouldn't go away. Now, during their much bally hooded reunion,



under review

Antony and the Johnsons

The Crying Light (Secretly Canadian)
There are times where you sit through your drunk uncle's incoherent ramblings because you know there'll be an inevitable payoff in the brief moment he says or does something funny, unbeknownst to himself or many of the other bags of hot air in the room swilling their too-strong gin and tonics. There are moments within *The Crying Light* where Antony Hegarty's minimal orchestral arrangements also seem to justify this kind of wait, but ultimately, sitting through Hegarty over-dramatically and repetitively croon about life and death is not entirely worth it. While Hegarty is undoubtedly skilled in his vocal ability, the dramatics seem to evolve the vocals into more of a caricature that was a better and more entertaining fit with his *Hercules and Love Affair* project from last year. Although there is certainly more than a drunk uncle's worth of moments striven throughout the album in terms of lyrical content, listening to sad songs sung in a depressing operatic vibrato becomes taxing and eventually makes you appreciate the fact that a drunk uncle at least has the decency to put himself to bed when things get uncomfortable. —Chad Thiesen

The Brighton Port Authority

I Think We're Gonna Need a Bigger Boat (Southern Fried)
Allegedly found in a long-forgotten cache of music recorded by a mythical jam outfit from the '70s onwards, this album sounds suspiciously fresh. It was co-produced by Norman Cook, and has all the radio-friendliness associated with his output as Fatboy Slim—one of those records where almost every track sounds like a potential single.

The CD bristles with big names and diverse styles, from the Stonestary R&B of the opener, "He's Frank (Slight Return)," featuring Iggy Pop, to the reggae rhythms of *Martina Wainwright's* "Spade." A collaboration with David Byrne and Dizzee Rascal is tucked away at the end, while *Connan Mockasin* comes over both plaintive and insistently paranoid in "Jumps The Fence," a kind of hallucinatory pop ballad.

Overall, the differences settle into a whole that's jaunty, good-natured and virtually impossible to skip. Although this is partly a result of the production—the album is full of attention to detail and restlessness with textures—it's also a feature of the way in which each track matches perfect melodies or arrangements with enough uniqueness and challenge to keep the listener hooked. Music geeks and metalheads need not apply; everyone else, however, will find plenty here to keep them more than happy. —E. E. Mason

The Decemberists

The Hazards of Love (Kill Rock Stars)
The Hazards of Love is built on what we might think of as a conventional conceptual frame (but not a concept album), with a beginning, middle and end to its structural arc. Yet it's in how loosely the characterization follows this arc that the album differs from others of its kind.

The private history of our romantic relationships is an epic drama in at least our own minds, and the album makes this appeal to our imaginations with broad descriptive strokes: Margaret is the object of our unnamed narrator's thwarted affection, while the Queen plots to keep the lovers apart, and is somehow in league with the Rake, whose murderous rage ends in patricide (not necessarily against the lovers). Conventional stuff, but with lyrics such as "The prettiest whistles will wrestle the thistles undone" and "Here I am, softer than a shower, to garland you with flowers." This is where the album makes a departure. Adding poetry to the musical mix can make for heady results when in the hands of a master like Van Morrison, but unfortunately The Decemberists' literary attempt to create meaning places the music itself in a secondary, supporting role. —Jonathan Evans

Eisenhauer

Time Of The Year (Anniendale Records)
In a world where musical clichés are beaten to death and bands are picking up and reinventing old formulas, enjoying a new album that isn't trying to be anything other than honest and soul bearing can be rare. One of these pearls is *Time Of The Year*, the sophomore recording by Vancouver's Eisenhauer.

With masterful indie-pop songwriting hooks and formula, *Time Of The Year* doesn't waste a second in establishing its passionate and turbulent beauty. Themes of conflict, hope, love and an undercurrent of faith figure prominently within this collection of songs, and as a whole, this album is a perfect soundtrack to the closing of the season and the coming of warmer months.

Intimacy, tenderness and vulnerability are key elements that will firmly embrace you in warm saucy stuff as this gorgeous album peaks and dips across its fragile landscape. The shared vocals between lead man Jeremy Eisenhauer and Sheree Plett, his wife, superbly bind everything together, making for an extremely enjoyable listening experience. Songs like "Face Painter" resonate wildly in the heart as lush layers of guitar, organ and clarinet add a sense of warmth and charm, while the shameless love song "Feel The Same" is emotive as hell and one can feel the devotion shining through in the vocals. This album is nearly as

good as it gets and deserves a spot in any music lover's collection. —Nathan Pike

Jon Rae Fletcher

Ob Maria (weewerk)
The music of Jon Rae Fletcher harks back to another era and a simpler time, when your love for your sweetheart, your horse and your hipflask of whiskey was all that mattered. A time of horse drawn wagons and endless dirt roads, when lonesome men sang songs of loss and heartbreak beside a crackling fire with only the night sky for company.

When listening to *Ob Maria*, one might envisage our narrator as an ageing and weathered old man, pondering onerously on the life that has gone before him, for each song functions as a tale or heavy hearted ballad, and brims with regretful sentimentality and a brooding sense of melancholy. Fletcher's music is evocative of a lifetime filled with sorrow. It could be claimed that this man is bursting at the sides with the blues. Even the guitars, piano and trombone that accompany his sweet whiskey voice can be heard moaning and aching with the sadness of a million broken hearts.

But before you know it, the album's ultimate and perhaps, most treasured track will be plucking, ever so gently, at your own tarnished and blackened heart strings, and will leave you weeping, ever so softly, into your tea cup. For having given his love, his soul, and his everything to Maria, all that our singer has left in him is the futile and hopeless cry, "Oh! Oh! Maria!" —Amy Scott-Samuel

Fred

Go God Go (Sparks Music)
Go God Go seems to have at least two disparate musical styles going on. Taken on their own, the end result would probably be two very effective releases. On their third full-length Fred can't decide if they want to emulate fellow country men U2 or follow the bright indie light forged by Arcade Fire and Polyphonic Spree. The cross genre pollination's end result is that this five-piece outfit from Cork, Ireland is not just wearing their influences on their sleeves, but also on their shoes, socks, etc.

Although the album was mixed by Mark Wallis (Talking Heads, The Smiths, U2, Iggy Pop), various members of the group shared engineering and production duties, but they would have benefited from an outside ear to prevent this exercise in auditory ADD. "Skyscrapers" sounds unlike anything else on the CD and seems to be influenced by the Scissor Sisters, while the third and last tracks are Neon Bible inspired fare. Fortunately, the genre hopping sub-

sides in the last half of the album with songs recalling early '90s U2 or shades of Radiohead, which is where the band's sound is more genuine.

Fred has received numerous accolades for their live shows from arbiters of taste (i.e. lowly music critics) spanning both sides of the Atlantic, so perhaps it is a matter of getting a producer to effectively harness their chemistry on a record. —Melissa Smith

The Great Outdoors

Winter (DDG Records)
Local band The Great Outdoors have released *Winter*, the final installment of a four part series of EPs, each one paying homage to one of nature's seasons. Whether it's the sparse arrangement of instrumentation or the lyrical content, this album is a true testament to winter's cold embrace, both in feeling and thematic quality. The Great Outdoors have managed to perfectly capture the dreamy slow vibe of Jack Frost's time of year without all of the accompanying S.A.D. Instead of leaving one feeling cold and worse about winter, the CD lends hope towards this sometimes challenging time of year and offers light at the end of the snow bound tunnel.

Opening with the simple, almost claustrophobic "This Winter's Touch," it is immediately apparent that this is not necessarily the album to put on at house parties, but rather a soundtrack for hunkering down at a cabin on the lake in deep winter. Picking up the pace is "The Garbage Man," a countrified little ditty that has a very Tom Waits feel and keeps things light and humorous, while "No Bells" sounds a bit like a frosty re-imagining of Lionel Richie's "Easy." But it's the warmth and texture of the album's last two tracks that really make for a worthwhile listen, capturing the subtle beauty of a band at their understated finest, and serving as a lovely reminder of winter's hidden gems. —Nathan Pike

The Hermit

Turn Up (The Stereo)
(So Called Records)
The Hermit seem to be getting an early jump on summer this year. Every song on the Vancouver five-piece's latest, *Turn Up* (The Stereo), is tailor-made for cruising around with the top down, or perhaps going down the old mine with a transistor radio. The album is produced with a light hand, with breezy harmonies coasting over the interplay of electronic and traditional instrumentation. Live flute, strings and horns add a sprinkling of pep, while Duane Murrin's guitar is clean and gracious, careful never to get carried away and risk overpowering the

band's bubble-light sound.

If one major complaint can be made about *Turn Up* (The Stereo), it's that it's too tasteful. It takes few risks and hovers around the same emotional pitch. Allison Sheverson's honeyed, lisped vocals are like Shuswap Lake in July: shimmering and frothy, but too uniform to be exciting. While the album is rife with hooks and transcendent pop moments (the sultry, purring chorus of "Si Vous Me Quittez" is absurdly singable), after a few listens some people might find themselves wishing they had more to chew on.

Still, the replay value of the album cannot be denied, especially as the days get longer. Although it seems like a forgettable effort right now, it might just take some warm weather and one solid week of sunshine for this to become the soundtrack of someone's summer. —Miranda Martini

Los Caminos

Test Pilot (Ridge Records)
Los Caminos' sophomore effort continues the band's homage to vintage surf-guitar workouts set to the frenetic drumming the genre is known for, though at times the drums could've benefited from a punchier mix as they're buried somewhat by guitar. Song titles the Fonz would likely give two thumbs up and a hearty "ayay" to, such as "Malachi Crunch," give a nod to '50s nostalgia kitsch, while revealing Los Caminos' greater tendencies. Citing influences such as Dick Dale and Ennio Morricone, it's obvious this band has chosen to study under the masters, but the absence of props to instrumental heavy-gauge arpeggiation progenitor Duane Eddy seems conspicuous. Like many surf bands, Los Caminos don't seem to have any use for music developed after 1963. They may look back to the '50s, with guitar riffs that recall *Santo & Johnny's* seminal instrumental hit "Sleep Walk," but they don't look forward to *Dave Allan*, so their guitars aren't fuzzy. But they're plenty spring-reverby, and that's enough to get the job done. You won't hear some wannabe rock-star bellowing his guts out over these songs, because underground surf rock is motivated by the desire to rock out, not to sell out, and Los Caminos prove they've got the chops to proudly carry the torch of straight-ahead instrumental rock 'n' roll into the 21st century. —Peter Whelan

A.C. Newman

Get Guilty (Last Gang Records)
"It was a straight shot, but lady would you call it art?" sings Carl Newman on "The Palace at 4 AM," one of the better tracks off his new LP, *Get Guilty*. This question sums

up the thematic drive of the album: whether or not pop music, played by the book, can still have something to offer its listener. In Newman's case, it seems like it can. Although the record could be accused of being unimaginative—simply a rehearsal of the pop conventions that have shaped Newman's song-writing on his earlier efforts with *Zumpano*, the *New Pornographers* and his solo career—this criticism is somewhat off the mark. The record is not necessarily about innovation, pushing boundaries or shocking its audience, but rather its success lies in its careful and skilled execution. As is typical of Newman's work, the songs are loaded with satisfying details, sharp little hooks and flourishes that manage to keep the songs interesting while not obscuring the bigger picture of Newman's anthemic power-pop sensibility. There may not be many fresh ideas here, but Newman's style breathes new life into chugging 4/4 guitar rhythms, which is an achievement in itself. As the man says on the record's first track, "There are maybe 10 or 12 things I can teach you... make of that what you will." Newman doesn't pretend to do anything more than make good pop, and this he does well.

—Aaron Goldman

Swan Lake
Enemy Mine (Jagjaguwar)
Swan Lake's 2006 debut, *Best Moments*, was a classic example of a supergroup that was less than the sum of its parts. Almost every track was drenched in superfluous layers of murky fuzz and reverb, obscuring anything that might

reveal the talent of the songwriters involved. Thankfully, for the group's follow-up album, Dan Bejar (*Destroyer*, the *New Pornographers*), Spencer Krug (*Wolf Parade*, *Sunset Rubdown*) and Carey Mercer (*Frog Eyes*, *Blackout Beach*) have opted for less fussy arrangements, with a natural sound that reflects the work of a band, rather than a studio-crafted experiment.

The keyboard-heavy arrangements sound more like Krug's doing than the other two songwriters, but the band goes to some lengths to show that Swan Lake is a democracy; there are nine songs here, meaning each member gets three apiece. There's not a dud in the bunch, and while the album doesn't have a clear standout track, the Krug-fronted piano ballad "A Hand at Dusk" comes close; running at over six minutes in length, it's the album's slowest, prettiest song, featuring perhaps the most straightforward love lyrics Krug has ever penned ("You still look good to me in that knee-length checkered dress").

Swan Lake still sounds better as a concept than in reality, and *Enemy Mine* doesn't rank among the best work of any of its members. But the album is nevertheless a solid collection of songs, and a worthy addition to the catalogue of three of Canada's best songwriters.

—Alex Hudson

The Thermals
Now We Can See (Kill Rock Stars)
With the dust long settled from the explosion of their 2006 release *The Body, The Blood, The Machine*, the Thermals are finally ready to

drop another cluster of songs on the world. Unfortunately, the much anticipated *Now We Can See* fails to fully detonate. In their attempt to move forward musically, the Thermals have lost their punk rock urgency and scrappiness. Aside from the feedback-riddled "When We Were Alive" and the driving beat of "When I Was Afraid," most of the 11 songs completely lack punch and quickly become monotonous. On tracks like "Liquid In, Liquid Out," the lack of range in Hutch Harris' voice becomes apparent when set to a droning tempo, while the cute pop of "We Were Sick," much like a hyperactive friend, can become agitating if you are in the wrong mood. Lyrically Harris has traded in the apocalyptic social commentary of *The Body* for existential reflection. While his lyrics are creative and interesting, he tends to dwell on the same themes and imagery throughout the album. In the end, the album cover says it all. While still made in the same cut-and-paste style the Thermals are known for, there is no rubble, no fire, no blinded prophets; just a swan beside a white flower against a peaceful night sky. The scene is quiet, passive and hopeful—the very antithesis of punk rock.

—Mark Paulbus

Various Artists
In the House Festival (Digital Media Alliance)
Ever wish you could just go to a different country and immerse yourself in another culture? Just pick up and take off to Ireland, Africa or India? Welcome to In the House Festi-

val's first compilation album since its inception five years ago. While this album won't actually whisk you away, it will expose you to music so culturally diverse, you'll begin feeling that you're somewhere else. This is perhaps fitting, as the main objective of the In the House Festival is to showcase local and international musicians, actors, dancers and artists by literally bringing them to your doorstep. People are encouraged to open up both their living rooms and hearts to provide a venue where artists can share their talents. The festival takes place every year during the first weekend of June, as well as on the fifth of every month.

While the first CD will please the ears of those drawn to the singer/songwriter genre, the second CD will appeal to those with more adventurous ears. "Pretty Little Bird (The Saint of Vancouver)" by Montreal's *Mark Berube* lends a haunting, cabaret feel to the mix, reminiscent of both *Hawkeye Workman* and *Sarah Slean*. For those music nerds who can't turn down a game of "Guess that time signature," check out *Blue Island Trio's* "The Crwth" and listen as they weave seamlessly in between time signatures like a pair of shoelaces tying the song together. Those struggling with Blue Island Trio's metric modulation madness may appreciate *La Candelaria's* contribution "Baile Baila." This Vancouver-based quintet consists of formally trained musicians who prove that they are very well-versed in traditional Cuban music. It's impossible to stop your hips from moving while listening to this song.

There is something for everyone on this release, and In the House Festival will force you to open your ears, and quite possibly your door.

—Melissa Poye

William Elliott Whitmore
Animals in the Dark (ANTI-)
On his past six albums, William Elliott Whitmore's blues snarl and down-and-out lyrics have cultivated an image of the 30-year-old as a grizzled, whiskey-soaked old man drinking black coffee in some greasy spoon and grumbling over the news. On his latest, *Animals in the Dark*, this persona seems to have lost its heart, putting him in the category of a slightly edgier *Amos Lee*. The lyrics come off as unadventurous rather than stark and bleak in their simplicity, and the snarl is grating rather than soulful. The content of the songs on *Animals* is for the most part pedestrian fare, jumping between "just-folks" wisdom and bitter political tirades. The occasional lyrical gem can be found, but Whitmore's delivery is so drained of colour that the simple, elegant instrumentation upstages anything interesting Whitmore might be saying.

The album is not without its moments; foot-stomper "Old Devils" has an Eastern-European flavour, a welcome touch on a basically uniform album, and "Who Stole the Soul" is able to recapture some of the heart-sore magic of his previous work. Still, Whitmore will have to dig a little deeper on his next effort if he wants to take his bleak outlook seriously.

—Miranda Martini

citr 101.9 fm charts

Strictly The Dopest Hits Of February

#	Artist	Album	Label
1	The Tvees*	Self-titled	Trendsetter
2	Hank*	The Luck Of The Singers Blacks	Blocks Recording
3	Plus Perfect/Hermetic*	Split 7"	Plans to Make Plans
4	Animal Collective	Merrifweather Post Pavillion	Domino
5	Beirut	March of the Zapotec	Pompeii
6	Timber Timbre*	Self-titled	Out Of This Spark
7	Nu Sensae*	One Sided	Isolated Now Waves
8	The Hylozoists*	L'ile De Sept Villes	Outside
9	Antony & the Johnsons	The Crying Light	Secretly Canadian
10	Apollo Ghosts*	Hastings Sunrise	Independent
11	Malajube*	Labyrinthes	Dare To Care
12	Safety Show*	Blackwater	Independent
13	Ruby Jean & ... Bees*	Self-titled	Youth Club
14	M. Mucci*	Under The Tulip Tree	Tall House
15	Jenn Grant*	Echoes	Six Shooter
16	Brian Eno & David Byrne	Everything That Happens...	Todo Mundo
17	Charles Spearin*	The Happiness Project	Arts & Crafts
18	Portico*	First Neighbours	Copperspine
19	The BPA	I Think ... A Bigger Boat	Southern Fried
20	The Maynards*	Date & Destroy	Independent
21	The Bicycles*	Oh No It's Love	Fuzzy Logic
22	Psychic Ills	Mirror Eye	Social Registry
23	Religious Knives	The Door	Ecstatic Peace!
24	Dear Nora	Three States: Rarities	Magic Marker
25	Margaret Thrasher*	Moderate Rock	P Trash

CITR's charts reflect what's been spun on the air for the previous month. Rekids with stars (*) mean they come from this great land o' ours. Most of these phot platters can be found at finer (read: independent) music stores across Vancouver. If you can't find 'em, there give the Music Coordinator a shout at (604)822-8733. His name is Luke. If you ask nicely, he'll tell you how to get 'em. To find out other great campus/community radio charts check out www.earshot-online.com.

#	Artist	Album	Label
26	Dent May & ... Ukelele	The Good Feeling Music Of ...	Paw Tracks
27	We Just Stole A Car*	Barn	Independent
28	Hot Panda*	Volcano... Bloody Volcano	Mint
29	Smothered In Hugs*	The Healing Power Of Injury	Collagen Rock
30	Cripple Creek Fairies*	War Amps	Catch & Release
31	Goblin Cock	Come With Me If You...	Robcore
32	In Flight Safety*	We Are An Empire, My Dear	Night Danger
33	Mathias Mental*	The Happiest... Montreal	Independent
34	Dear Nora	Three States: Rarities	Magic Marker
35	Relief Maps*	Graveyard Smash	Independent
36	Mi Ami	Watersports	Quarter Stick
37	Electroluminescent*	Measures	Black Mountain Music
38	Flipper	Sex Bomb Baby! (Re-Issue)	Water
39	Menahan Street Band	Make the Road...	Dunham
40	Bruce Peninsula*	A Mountain Is A Mouth	Bruce Trail
41	One Hundred Dollars*	Regional 7"	Blocks Recording Club
42	Geoff Berner*	Klezmer Mongrels	Jericho Beach
43	Circlesquare	Songs About Dancing...	IK7
44	Volcano Suns	The Bright Orange Years	Merge
45	Terminal Sound System	Constructing Towers	Extreme
46	The Gruesomes*	Gruesomeania	Ricochet Sound
47	Koen Holtkamp	Field Rituals	Type
48	Titus Andronicus	The Airing Of Grievances	XL
49	Various	Habitat	Asthmatic Kitty
50	Made In Mexico	Guerillaton	Skin Graft

